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BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

"Well, do you suppose you would have got him by running? You will lose more by getting excited and out of breath than you can possibly gain by haste," said H.

"Now be careful to mark down as closely as possible every

B-b-b-b goes an obstreperous beauty—bang, whang go both B's barrels, and the roaring white and brown goes glimmering through the dream of things that ought to be until his whizz'ing

wing is clipped by a stray shot from H.'s gun at full seventy yards' distance.

"That must be about the last," says H., as Jack now breaks into a freer gait, and sweeps back and forth across the wind. "But we'll beat this place a little more before we go for the single ones."

Gaily the two dogs now rollick over the grass, now wheeling suddenly and marching up wind a few yards with inquiring sniff of high raised noses, then giving it up, and cantering on again.

Soon Romeo slackens as he approaches the edge of the grass; like cat sneaking around for the best position to spring on a mouse, he swings around to get the full breeze, then crouching lower he forges ahead a few paces; then raises one foot and settles into statuesque immobility.

Away go three from near the edge of the stubble as they come up, the one on B.'s side sheering off in a curve just enough to leave B.'s shot behind him, another wilting from before H.'s gun just as B. is turning his upon it; the third turning somersaults out of a cloud of feathers at the combined crack of the two second barrels.

"We must both have hit that chap," says H., pointing to the feathers.

Was ever a poor shot known to demur to such a statement! For my part I have never known even a good one attempt to refute such soft impeachment. And it is therefore not strange that Bolton indorsed his friend with a highly approbative "You bet."

"Well, what do you think of chicken shooting now?" said H., as they started across the stubble to where some of the single birds had lit.

"Well, that is something like game. I never heard of these white grouse before."

"The common grouse though make here just about the same kind of sport for two or three weeks. From the time when they are about full grown until they get pretty well packed into big flocks they make far better shooting to my taste than in the early season or the time when the majority of sportsmen hunt them. I have seen a double or triple covey rise from the center of a huge stubble, 100 yards out of shot, fly three-quarters of a mile to a patch of prairie grass, and there lie to the dog as closely as quails. But even then there is not the excitement there is with these, for I have never seen these white fellows up here lie close, and it takes quick work and good shooting to make much of a bag on them at this time," said H.

They entered the patch of prairie grass across the stubble from the windward side and the dogs were soon beating it to and fro on a gentle rolling canter. Approaching a scrubby oak tree near which two birds had been marked down, Romeo drew to a wavering point, then moving slowly ahead took an investigating sniff or two of the breeze, then broke and swung around to one side a few yards, and marched ahead with confident index; then relaxing he swung off again. But this time too carelessly, and the running bird that had a little down wind, rose from a yard in front of him. As he dropped in surprise another bustled from the cover a few yards farther on. The first one after being gracefully missed by B., dips his colors to Haywood's salute. The second after being stimulated by a stray shot in his leg from B.'s second barrel, plies his boisterous wing until he reaches the crest of the slope beyond; then settling his pinions slides out of sight as swiftly as a meteor beyond a mountain top.

"I marked another by that bush yonder," says H., pointing 200 yards away.

Arriving there Romeo subscribes strongly to his opinion, and soon is braced in a solid guarantee of its correctness.

"Look out now. There are no duffers even after being started several times," says H. as they advance. They get within five steps of Romeo when the bird springs from ten yards ahead of the dog. The quick bang-whang of B.'s two barrels follows the first flash of white above the grass, and the second one deranges its equilibrium with nearly half an ounce of shot.

"Good boy!" says H., turning around to look at Bolton. But as if he never had missed a bird in his life, he stands with no rippling smile of exultation or surprise, but one of calm assurance such as is born only of confident ability.

"Two more lit near the head of yonder little swale," says H., and on they go to the place.

Romeo paces cautiously up the swale, for he catches the scent of the birds the instant he strikes the hollow. Soon he is frozen in Arctic firmness but nothing stirs until they get on a line with the dog. Then from about twelve paces ahead of him there is a sudden b-b-b-b, and two birds dart swiftly upward in two broad lines of brown and white; the one showing all his underwear as he wheels defiantly with breast full in the sun; the other turning his broad back disdainfully on the crowd behind. And mark how the lines cross each other before they get ten feet from the stubble and how quickly, even before H. begins to raise his gun, a third line from Bolton's gun darts out and intersects them, and the other two lines change to curves swiftly winding to the earth.

Hast thou ever marked the "rapture of repose," that sweet tranquility that floods the face of the middle one of three campers beneath one blanket when on a cold night his two outside companions wake the long night through in an alternate struggle for another foot or two of the precious fabric? If you have not, you cannot conceive the countenance of Bolton as H. turned around to congratulate him on what was in reality a lucky shot.

But where is old Jack all this time? He has been gone several minutes; the prairie grass is not long enough to hide him; there is not brush enough to cover him; yet he is not in sight. The whistle is blown several times, yet he comes not. Several times more with long ringing blast it is blown, and at length he appears upon the top of the slope 150 yards beyond them. Vainly now his master blows and calls. He stands there looking coolly at him with waving tail for a minute or two, then deliberately turns his back upon the party, and disappears.

"I'll warrant you he has something there, and has drawn off his point. He is fully capable of such a deed," says H.

They go to the top of the ridge, and there some three hundred yards away, and one hundred yards out on another wheat stubble, stands Jack. He looks around to see if they are coming, and catching sight of them, moves on some thirty yards further. Then he lies down with forepaws outstretched in front, tail outstretched behind, and head up-gazing intently ahead.

As they come up to him another covey of full-grown grouse rise some thirty yards away in a whirling medley of white and brown, and riotous hubbub of strong swift wings. One plunges bounding along the stubble at the crack of the guns, and another shakes some white down from his tail as he whizzes swiftly off with his comrades to a patch of prairie grass full half a mile away.

NOTE.—Having to depend entirely upon memory of what I have not seen for seven years, the description of this bird may be a trifle inaccurate, especially as my memory of the exact marking of any bird is very poor. The weight is of course guess-work, and I am willing to back down eight ounces, but not a dram more. I have never seen the common grouse as heavy as many white ones I have shot at Gilmanton.

Some persons who have shot only in the East may think I have made Jack do some pretty tall pointing. But one who has

never seen it has little conception of the distance a good dog can catch the scent of a large flock of full-grown grouse when he has open ground before him, and a fresh, cool breeze full in his nose. I have seen at least one dog wind them at six hundred yards, though this distance is also guess-work.

It is rarely that a dog will draw off his point or lie down on a point when his master is even a long way off, but I have several times seen both done.

San Diego, Cal.

Trap Shooting.

The Geneseo Tournament.

GENESEO, ILL. EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The following are the scores made at the grand shooting tournament held at Geneseo, Ill., commencing Tuesday, February 8, and continuing four days, under the management of Messrs. N. Duxey and Wm. Harbaugh.

Shoot No. 1.—Tuesday, February 8, 10 single rises, 21 yards, \$7 entrance, including birds. Purse, \$100; \$50 first, \$30 second, \$20 third. R. B. Organ.....10110 1111-8 A. A. Smith.....01011 11110-7 W. B. Harbaugh.....01111 10111-8 Geo. S. Wells.....01101 11011-7 D. Beers.....11111 11111-10 S. A. Tucker.....11111 01111-9 M. Eich.....11111 11111-10 M. K. Fiora.....00100 01101-5 C. Youngs.....11111 11110-9 J. S. Joles.....11111 11110-9 Dr. C. Zuppahn.....01111 11110-7 T. Laffin.....10000 W. B. Harbaugh.....11111 11110-7 S. D. Parkinson.....01101 11111-8 R. W. Cool.....11111 11110-7 E. Jacques.....01111 10111-8 N. Duxey.....11101 11101-8 D. Beers and M. Eich divided first, \$50; Youngs, Tucker and Joles divided second, \$30.

Ties on 8, 20 yards. Organ.....01-1 Parkinson.....10-1 Harbaugh.....111-3 Duxey.....0

Harbaugh wins third, \$20.

Shoot No. 2.—Tuesday, February 8, 1881; entrance \$7, including birds, 5 double rises, 18 yards. Purse, \$100; four prizes, \$40 to first, \$30 to second, \$20 to third, \$10 to fourth. R. B. Organ.....11 01 01 11 10-7 C. H. Porter.....10 11 11 11 10-8 S. D. Parkinson.....11 11 11 11 10-7 Fulton.....01 01 00 00 01-3 M. Eich.....00 10 10 10 10-4 A. Hofstetter.....01 11 00 10 10-5 Wm. Harbaugh.....11 01 11 01 11-8 Geo. S. Wells.....11 10 11 00 11-7 Dr. C. Zuppahn.....11 11 00 10 00-5 N. Duxey.....11 11 11 11 10-3 R. W. Cool.....11 11 11 10 01-6 J. S. Joles.....11 10 11 11 11-9 M. Randall.....10 10 10 11 00-5 A. A. Smith.....11 01 11 10 00-6 W. B. Harbaugh.....01 01 10 10 11-6 D. Beers.....11 11 10 11 10-9 J. Miller.....10 11 00 10 01-5 S. A. Tucker.....11 10 11 11 00-7 Plummer.....10 10 10 10 00-5 S. D. Parkinson wins first, \$40; Beers, Duxey and Joles divided second, \$30; Harbaugh and Porter divided third, \$20.

Ties on 7, 21 yards. Organ.....11 11 01-5 Wells.....10 11 10-4 Tucker.....10 01-2

R. B. Organ wins fourth, \$10.

Shoot No. 3.—Wednesday, February 9, 1881. Purse, \$108; 8 single rises, 21 yards; three prizes; \$54 to first, \$32.40 to second, and \$21.60 to third.

R. B. Organ.....0110110-5 J. Miller.....01101011-5 W. B. Harbaugh.....1011111-7 D. Plummer.....00111110-5 S. D. Parkinson.....1111101-7 Dr. Zuppahn.....11100101-5 S. A. Tucker.....0111111-8 C. H. Porter.....11001111-6 C. Youngs.....0011111-8 Daly.....11101111-7 R. W. Cool.....111110-7 J. S. Joles.....1110110-6 Wm. Harbaugh.....1111101-7 N. Duxey.....10101100-4 D. Beers.....1011111-7 B. Sands.....11110011-6 M. Eich.....0110110-5 Geo. S. Wells.....11101000-4 A. Hofstetter.....1011111-7

S. A. Tucker wins first money, \$54.

Ties on 7, 26 yards. Harworth.....110-2 Beers.....10 Parkinson.....111-3 Hofstetter.....111-3 Cool.....0

Harbaugh.....110-2

Hofstetter wins second money, \$32.40.

Ties on 6, 26 yards. Youngs.....10 Joles.....110-2 Porter.....111-3 Sands.....111-3

Porter and Sands divided third, \$21.60.

Shoot No. 4.—Eight single rises, 26 yards rise, use of both barrels; entrance \$10, including birds; purse \$288; four prizes. S. D. Parkinson.....10101 011-5 T. Stagg.....10111 111-7 Daly.....11111 111-8 S. A. Tucker.....10111 111-7 A. W. Bruner.....11111 111-8 Wm. Harbaugh.....11001 111-8 Fulton.....00100 01-8 Dr. Zuppahn.....10101 111-6 W. B. Harbaugh.....11110 111-7 D. Plummer.....10101 111-6 J. Moon.....10011 111-7 J. Miller.....11111 111-8 Geo. S. Wells.....01111 111-7 T. Laffin.....10111 111-6 D. Beers.....11101 111-7 C. H. Porter.....01111 111-5 M. I. Eich.....10111 011-6 J. S. Joles.....11111 111-5 Warner.....00111 011-5 B. Sands.....01110 111-7 O. B. Rodman.....11111 011-7 M. Randall.....10111 111-6 J. N. Reed.....11111 111-8 L. H. Bruner.....11111 111-8 J. Stephenson.....10111 110-6 R. W. Cool.....10101 101-7 K. W. Morris.....10101 101-6 S. Youngs.....01011 100-4 R. B. Organ.....11111 111-7 N. Duxey.....11111 111-8 A. Hofstetter.....11011 000-4

Ties on 8. Daly.....0 Miller.....10 Bruner.....111-3 Joles.....0

J. N. Reed.....111-3 L. H. Bruner.....111-3 Harbaugh.....0 Duxey.....111-3

A. W. Bruner, L. H. Bruner, J. N. Reed and Duxey divided first, \$107.20.

Ties on 7. Harworth.....111-3 Stagg.....111-3 Moon.....111-3 Tucker.....111-3 Wells.....111-3 Porter.....10 Beers.....111-3 Sands.....0 Rodman.....111-3 Cool.....0

Organ.....110-2

Second tie on 7, miss and out.

Harworth.....11111-6 Rodman.....11111-6 Moon.....0 Stagg.....0

Wells.....1110 Tucker.....11111-5 Beers.....10

Rodman and Harworth divided second \$80.40.

Ties on 6. M. Eich.....111-3 Laffin.....10 J. Stephenson.....0 Randall.....111-3 Zuppahn.....0 Morris.....111-3 Plummer.....111-3

Second tie on 6.

M. Eich.....10 Randall.....111-3 Plummer.....111-3 Morris.....10

Plummer and Randall divided third, \$53.40.

Ties on 5. Parkinson.....111-3 Skinner.....10 Warriner.....110-2

Parkinson won fourth, \$26.80.

Shoot No. 5.—Thursday, February 10. Team shoot, seven single rises, twenty-one yards; two double rises, eighteen yards. Entrance, \$30, including birds. Purse, \$218.

M. Eich.....1011111 10 10-8 R. B. Organ.....1111111 01 01-18 Rodman.....0101111 01 0-7 A. W. Bruner.....1101101 11 10-8-15 Daly.....0111101 11 11-9 Duxey.....1111001 10 11-8-17 Harbaugh.....1111111 01 00-8 Parkinson.....1111110 11 10-9-17 J. N. Reed.....1111111 11 10-10 L. H. Bruner.....1111101 11 10-9-10 Miller.....1110001 10 11-7 Harworth.....0111111 11 10-9-16 Youngs.....1111101 01 11-9 Hofstetter.....0111001 11 11-8-17 Beers.....1111111 11 11-11 Joles.....1111111 10 11-10-21 Cool.....1001111 11 00-7 Plummer.....1011111 10 10-8-15 Laffin.....0110111 11 10-8 Stagg.....1110111 10 10-9-16

Wells.....1110010 10 11-7 Stephenson.....0111111 10 01-8-15 Sands.....0111010 01 11-7 Porter.....1110111 01 00-7-14 Warriner.....1111101 11 00-8 Dr. Zuppahn.....1111011 10 11-8-17 Smith.....1110101 00 11-7 Randall.....1111111 10 10-9-15

Beers and Joles win first, \$87; Reed and Bruner win second, \$66; Eich and Organ win third, \$43.

Ties on 17, 3 single, 1 double rise.

Daly.....011 10-3 Youngs.....111 10-4 Duxey.....101 10-2-6 Hofstetter.....011 11-4-8 Harbaugh.....010 01-2 Warriner.....000 10-1 Parkinson.....100 10-2-4 Zuppahn.....010 w-1-2

Youngs and Hofstetter win fourth, \$22.

Shoot No. 6.—Six single rises, 26 yards, and 4 single rises 31 yards. Entrance \$10; purse \$145; three prizes.

R. B. Organ.....11111 1011-9 J. Stephenson.....101111 1011-8 A. W. Bruner.....111100 1011-7 A. B. Rodman.....101001 0010-4 W. B. Harbaugh.....111111 1011-8 T. Stagg.....011101 10w Skinner.....01111 1011-8 S. A. Tucker.....011110 1101-7 M. Eich.....101110 1110-8 J. Moon.....111100 0000-1 S. D. Parkinson.....101010 1111-8 A. Hofstetter.....110101 1110-7 D. Beers.....111111 1111-10 J. S. Joles.....011111 1111-9 L. H. Bruner.....011010 1101-7 N. Duxey.....111011 1100-7 J. N. Reed.....111011 0101-7 J. M. Smith.....111111 0011-8 R. W. Cool.....111111 0110-8 Plummer.....011010 w L. Frouk.....111101 1101-8 J. Miller.....011110 1101-7 G. S. Wells.....111111 0110-8 J. Fulton.....100111 1101-6 Frantz.....101001 w

D. Beers wins first money.

R. B. Organ and J. S. Joles divide second, \$43.50.

Ties on 8.

Harworth.....111-3 Stephenson.....10 Skinner.....110-2 Smith.....110-2

Harbaugh.....111-3 Cool.....0 Parkinson.....0 Frouk.....111-4

Reed.....111-3 Wells.....110-2

Second tie on 8.

Harworth.....0 Reed.....111-3 Harbaugh.....10 Frouk.....10

Reed wins third, \$39.

Shoot No. 7.—Friday, February 11; five double rises, 18 yards; \$10 entrance; purse \$308.

R. B. Organ.....11 11 01 01 01-7 Wm. Harbaugh.....11 10 01 11 11-8 A. B. Rodman.....01 11 01 01 11-7 Fulton.....01 11 10 10 11-7 D. Beers.....11 11 11 11 10-8 Skinner.....11 11 10 11 11-9 S. D. Parkinson.....11 10 10 10 10-6 J. S. Joles.....11 11 10 11 10-8 L. H. Bruner.....11 00 11 01 00-6 Geo. S. Wells.....00 01 11 10 10-6 M. Eich.....11 11 11 11 11-9 N. Duxey.....10 10 10 10 11-6 J. N. Reed.....10 11 01 01 11-7 Dr. Zuppahn.....00 10 01 w A. Hofstetter.....10 10 10 11 11-7 S. A. Tucker.....01 11 10 11 11-8 H. W. Flower.....10 11 11 10 10-8 D. Plummer.....10 11 10 11 11-8 J. M. Davis.....11 11 11 01 00-7 J. Miller.....10 11 00 11 11-6 W. Morris.....10 11 11 11 11-9 L. Frouk.....00 11 11 11 10-7 T. Stagg.....11 01 11 10 10-7 A. W. Bruner.....11 10 10 10 10-6 W. B. Harbaugh.....11 11 11 01 10-8 R. W. Cool.....11 00 11 11 10-7

D. Beers wins first, \$83.20.

Ties on 9.

M. Eich.....00 Skinner.....10 Morris.....11 11-4

Morris wins second, \$63.40.

Ties on 8.

Reed.....10 Harbaugh.....00 Flower.....11 11-4 Joles.....11 11-4 Harworth.....10 Plummer.....10

Flower and Joles divide third, \$41.60.

Ties on 7.

Organ.....10 00-1 Fulton.....10 11-3 Rodman.....10 01-3 Tucker.....11 10-3 Hofstetter.....00 Frouk.....10 11-3 Davis.....00 Cool.....10 10-2

Stagg.....00

Second tie on 7.

Rodman.....11 10-3 Tucker.....11 10-3 Fulton.....10 10-2 Frouk.....10 11-3

Third tie on 7.

Rodman.....10 Frouk.....00 Tucker.....11 11-4

Tucker wins third money, \$30.80.

Next came a shoot between W. B. Harbaugh, of Quincy, Ill., and N. Duxey, of Geneseo. Duxey shooting 10 pairs at 18 yards rise, and Harworth 20 single at 21 yards rise; resulting in a tie. Below is the

SCORE.

W. B. Harworth.....01110 11001 01111 11111 --15 N. Duxey.....11 00 11 11 01 11 00 11 11 11-15

GENESEO.

Trap at New Haven.

NEW HAVEN, CONN. EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The New Haven Gun Club held its regular shoot on their grounds, yesterday; a very fair attendance was present.

Sweep No. 1.—February 9.—Entrance \$1; two moneys; Bogardus rules to govern. Card and gun lock trap. Sanford, referee; Waterhouse, scorer.

SCORE.

Langdon.....11111-5 Nichols.....11111-3 Armstrong.....11110-4 Folsem.....11111-5 Collett.....11111-5 Bronson.....11011-4 Beers.....11011-4 Hanson.....11110-4 Jorey.....11011-4

Ties on first, Nichols won.

Ties on second, Bronson won.

Sweep No. 2.—Two moneys.

Armstrong.....11110 11100-7 Hanson.....11101 10010-6 Folsem.....11110 11111-9 Nichols.....11011 11011-6 Collett.....11011 01000-5 Jorey.....00111 11111-8 Langdon.....11111 11111-10 Bronson.....11110 11111-8

Langdon won first.

On ties for second Folsem won.

Shoot for the oil painting of Sensation; to be shot for until July, the member winning most number of times takes the painting.

Armstrong.....10001 11111 11111 11111-17 Langdon.....10111 01111 11111 11111-18 Beers.....00011 11101 01110 01111-11 Howard.....10011 10011 01100 01111-13 Hanson.....10011 11110 01010 01111-13 Nichols.....11011 11101 11111 01111-17 Folsem.....11011 11011 10111 01111-16 Jorey.....01011 11011 10111 01111-16 Bronson.....10111 11111 11111 10110-17

Langdon won.

SNAP.

The South End Shooting Club.

By order of the president the members of the South End Shooting Club were called out for a practice shoot February 3, at one p. m., at Grand Crossing. Ten single, five pairs double, 21 yards and 18 yards, under the rules of the State Association.

SCORE.

Single. Double. Total.

H. A. Sloan.....11111 11111-10 10 11 11 11 11-9 19 H. L. Nothe.....11101 01111-8 00 11 01 11 11-7 15 M. J. Eich.....10101 11011-7 11 11 01 11 11-9 16 C. S. Cleaver.....11111 11111-10 11 11 01 10 11-8 18 C. J. Fluke.....11111 11111-10 11 11 01 11 11-9 19 A. Cook.....11011 11110-8 11 01 11 10 11-9 17 G. S. Farmer.....11111 11000-7 11 10 11 10 11-8 15 F. P. Taylor.....01111 11111-9 11 10 11 11 11-9 18 H. L. Porter.....11000 11111-7 11 10 01 11 11-8 15 B. Cornwell.....00011 01100-4 01 01 00 11 10-5 9 G. N. Lydston.....01110 11111-8 11 11 11 10 11-8 16 R. L. Salisbury.....01111 11111-9 10 11 01 11 11-8 17 W. Adams.....10110 11111-8 01 10 11 11 11-7 15 Dr. Norcomb.....11111 11111-10 11 01 11 01 01-7 17

BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Cranmer Shooting Club of this place held their regular monthly shoot for gold badge on Tuesday, 8th inst., twelve members taking part in the contest,

L. Carman, 23 yds.	01100 10010-4
R. S. Wright, 21 yds.	01111 10000-4
P. Ellis, 23 yds.	01100 11111-7
P. Ellis, 21 yds.	00001 01101-4
J. Reeves, 23 yds.	10111 01011-7
J. H. Longstreet, 21 yds.	10001 01000-3
E. A. Taylor, 23 yds.	10111 01111-8
S. Ridgway, 21 yds.	00010 01000-2

TRAP AT LIMA.—Lima, O.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—On February 7 the Lima Shooting Club opened the season by a shoot among themselves at pigeons and glass balls. A disagreeable rain set in about noon which partially spoiled the sport. The "Jockey trap" was used for throwing the glass balls, and the pigeons were tame ones. The following is the score:

Glass ball shoot—20 glass balls each.	01111 11111 01111 11101-17
Flek	11111 11111 11111 11111-20
Ackerman	11111 01111 10001 11101-15
Hull	11111 01111 01111 11111-16
Peters	10101 01111 11101 11101-14

Tame pigeons, five single rises.—
Flek 11101-4 Peters 01111-4
Ackerman 11111-5 Harley 01111-4
Hull 11111-5

We will have a shooting tournament about the middle of May, or as soon as birds can be procured, when we anticipate much sport. A. F. H.

TRAP AT ALEXANDRIA.—Alexandria, La.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The Alexandria Rod and Gun Club, on February 5, held its second contest for the club championship gold badge. Owing to very bad weather, but eleven, out of a membership of thirty-seven, came to the score. The following is the score, which was ruined by the very high wind which prevailed. Shoot for Championship Gold Medal. Glass balls, ten single rises, Card's double rotary trap.

H. L. Daigre	11100 00000-3	W. G. Texada	11110 00001-5
C. A. Schuack	00100 00001-2	C. Goldenberg	00000 11000-2
J. S. Fish	00100 00001-2	L. B. Baynard	01100 10000-3
R. W. Bringham	11100 11000-5	J. W. Prescott	10000 10000-2
T. W. Compton	00001 01010-3	W. P. Flower	10000 10000-2
G. R. Waters	01111 11110-8		

G. R. Waters wins the medal. Doc.

TRAP AT QUINCY.—Quincy, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The monthly shoot of the Quincy Shooting Club took place at Singleton Park, yesterday afternoon, for the gold medal, at twelve birds each. Shooters handicapped. The following is the score:

Plummer, 28 yds.	111010 111011-9
Schnoua, 28 yds.	110110 111111-10
Crittenden, 24 yds.	111101 110111-10
Dewey, 26 yds.	111101 111111-11
Miller, 30 yds.	111101 111110-10
Hauworth, 30 yds.	111101 111110-9
Lenox, 30 yds.	111111 111111-12
Wheeler, 21 yds.	110110 111111-10

Dr. Lanoix won the gold medal. W. H. C.

TRAP AT CIRCLEVILLE.—Circleville, O.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The second match between Mr. C. H. Hope, of Somerset, O., and Mr. M. Rader, of Piquette, O., took place February 9, at Circleville, O., and resulted in the defeat of Mr. Rader, who withdrew after killing his twentieth bird, as Mr. Hope had then killed 21 out of 22, rendering it impossible for Mr. Rader to win, with his score of 15 killed out of 20. Conditions of match, 25 birds each, Ohio rules, \$75 a side. Each to find trap and handle for the other. The following is the score:

C. H. Hope	11111 11111 11110 11111 11-21
M. Rader	01011 10101 11111 01111 w

Old Gunner.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The Slaby Gun Club of this place have commenced practice for this year, and on Tuesday last, February 1, the following score was made. As it was a very cold day the attendance and shooting were fully up to the average. Conditions—10 glass balls, 18 yards rise, Mole rotary trap.

Page	10001 01110-5	Carpenter	01010 01011-5
Barney	11111 11101-9	Bray	01111 01111-8
Still	00110 01011-5	Brown	11010 11111-8
Peet	01111 11111-9		

On the shoot-off Barney, Bray and Still led. MALLARD.

TRAP AT BEVERLY. N. J.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Last Thursday there was an interesting shoot at Beverly, N. J., for \$100 in gold, divided as follows: \$50 to first, \$30 to second, and \$20 to third. Rhode Island rules. The following is the summary:

C. Jones	11111 11111-10	D. Young	10111 10w-3
J. Russ	11111 11111-10	Miles Johnson	10111 0w-4
C. Lovat	11111 11011-9	J. F. Klein	01011 1w-4
M. Helser	01110 11100-6	J. Brewer	01111 0w-4
J. White	11110 110w-6	W. Greenwood	00111 w-3

Jones and Russ divided first and second money. Lovat won third. Russ' entry was shot by Miles Johnson, and White's by J. F. Klein. OMOX.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

H. L. S., Fort Totten, Dakota.—I have a pointer that had his shoulder hurt in some way on the 5th September, 1880. It was so tender for several weeks it couldn't be moved at all without giving him the greatest agony, and the shoulder commenced to shrink from disuse and got quite thin and soft. At first he could not endure the pain from the jar of walking on three legs, but afterward he got so he could walk on three legs, and then he used the sore one once in awhile, and now quite frequently, but he goes lame on it still, and it is over five months from the time the accident occurred. He was examined at the time by two physicians, who said he had broken no bones, but they didn't know what the matter was, unless he had strained one of his tendons, or possibly a nerve. There was no mark of any external injury, and the only treatment he received at the time was bathing the shoulder with cold water. Is there any treatment you know of in such a case, and will he ever recover the proper use of his leg? 2. Will you let me know the *modus operandi* of teaching a retriever to go in any particular direction by the motion of the hand, say as far as 200 yards, and to make him look for a duck, say that had fallen across a stream, and 100 yards from the bank, so that he will go straight to where you saw the duck fall, and not waste his time running all over the country. Ans.—1. In all probability the trouble was a sprain of the shoulder joint and the ligaments around it. The treatment of cold water was very bad; it should have been hot water, which would have done a great amount of good, especially if combined with a liniment. We would recommend hot fomentations morning and night, rub dry and apply well rubbed in, the following: Take of tincture of arnica two ounces, tincture of opium and liquor ammonia each one ounce, water to make one pint, mix. If the muscles of the shoulder over the shoulder blade are wasted rub them once a day with tincture of cantharides till quite sore, then grease once a day with fresh lard till healed, then repeat. 2. An answer to this question would require a treatise on retrieving, which our space will not admit of. Send to W. C. Percy, Tunica, La., for Kit Killbird's "Dog Paths to Success." Price fifty cents.

SUBSCRIBER.—Muskegon, Mich.—My setter pup, seven months old, was taken sick ten days ago with fever and loss of appetite, which lasted two days; then he would eat a little, and was considerably better, excepting he was weak in his hind parts for about two days, when he got better, and was apparently as well as ever; but four days ago he was taken again with loss of appetite and weakness, which kept getting worse, and two days ago he was so sore all over that I could not touch him without seeming to give him great pain. He has no control of his water, and drines. There also came a sore at the root of the tail about the size of a silver dollar. To-day he seems better, ate a little; his eyes are bright, but more sores are breaking out under him. He is so weak that he can't stand up, and seems to be suffering a great deal. I haven't doctored him, except to give a dose of castor oil when first taken sick. Please prescribe. Ans.—He has distemper, and is very low indeed; you will have some careful nursing to do to save him. Take of elixir calaisya, iron and bismuth two ounces, syrup of tolu one ounce, and water one ounce; mix and give a teaspoonful three or four times a day; give a one grain quinine pill morning and night in addition. Feed on beef tea—two tablespoonfuls every two or three hours, and give a raw egg three times a day. Dress the sores with petrolina once or twice a day. Keep him warm and dry.

F., Lynchburg, Va.—Did Macdonald's Ranger ever win at field trials; if so, at what place, and in what year. Ans.—Yes, at English field trials, as follows: In 1873, at Shrewsbury, second (with Lang) Cloverly Brace Stakes; at Bala, first (with Squire) in Peullyn Brace Stakes, and second in Rhiwlas Stakes, all-aged dogs; and at Ipswich, first in East of England Stakes, all-aged setters. In 1874, at Shrewsbury, first in Acton Reynald Stakes, all-aged dogs also winner of Champion Stakes,

best pointer and setter, winner of all ages; at Sleaford, second in Kennel Cup, all-aged setters. In 1875, at Devon and Cornwall, first in Trebble Stakes; Kennel Club field trials (Spring meeting) second in Horsebeath Stakes. In 1876, at Horsebeath the Kennel Club Challenge Cup. In 1877, at Shrewsbury, first in Shrewsbury Stakes and winner of Champion Cup. In 1878, first in Shrewsbury Stakes, and winner of Kennel Club Challenge Cup, and in 1880, winner of Kennel Club Challenge Cup, near Mansfield.

H. J., Centerville, Iowa.—1. What kind of dogs are cocker spaniels, and for what purpose are they used? 2. Where can I get a thoroughbred Irish water spaniel pup, from three to six months old? Ans.—1. They are a small-sized spaniel, from fourteen to twenty-four pounds in weight, and of great variety of colors, black, black and white, liver, liver and white, or flecked or mottled on face and legs in these colors. Body of medium length, in shape resembling a small setter; coat thick and heavy, but not absolutely curled; ear of good length covered with soft wavy hair, and legs and tail well feathered, the latter more inclined to bushiness than in the setter. They are a very companionable dog, make fine retrievers, and are used for hunting in close covert, for purpose of flushing or springing the game in sight of the shooter. 2. Write to J. D. Olcott, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennel Club, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. A. H., Webb City, Mo.—I have a pointer pup ten months old, that has a mouth full of something like warts, the inside of his lower lip being literally covered with a whitish kind of wart, as large as a pea and smaller. He is healthy and strong otherwise. Have given him, as yet, nothing but sulphur. Ans.—We fear sulphur won't do them any good. The most successful treatment is to tie them off with a silk thread. Tie all the large ones, then let them alone for a week, then if the others are not gone, tie off some more. Sometimes by tying off a few of the larger ones the others will disappear suddenly. If this means fail, resort to chromic acid. Dry the wart to be treated, then touch it with the acid by dipping a fine stick into it and then on to the wart. Repeat this once a day, or as often as the eschar caused by the acid can be removed.

H. M. S., Carlele, Ark.—What is the matter with my dogs, and what shall I do. Symptoms, loss of flesh and appetite. Some time ago I let them eat of a cow that had died and been skinned, and since then they have been sick, have run at the eyes, and have a diarrhea, passing a dark, pitchy matter. Their noses are cold, and do not run any. I have given no medicine, except for worms. Ans.—You do not state with what success you gave the worm medicine; the symptoms indicate worms. They got no harm from the cow. Give from ten to twenty drops of turpentine in a dose of castor oil, to suit the size and age of the dog—a tablespoonful to a full grown dog. If you get worms repeat the dose after two weeks. If they are getting thin and weak give a teaspoonful of elixir calaisya, iron and bismuth, three times a day.

L. F. J., Detroit, Mich.—I have a small Scotch terrier dog, one and a half years old, that has spells of falling down, and apparently having fits; has a habit of licking his rectum. Can you tell me what to do for him? He has a good appetite. Ans.—The liver is out of order, and perhaps has worms. Give him eight drops of turpentine on a lump of raw sugar; two hours after give a dessertspoonful of castor oil. Feed lightly for a few days. If this brings away any worms, repeat the dose after two weeks. If not, give the following pills: Take of podophyllin, two grains; powdered rhubarb, one dram, syrup to mix; make twelve pills. Give one every night.

F. T., Brewster, N. Y.—I have a setter bitch, four years old, who whips her tail while hunting, until the tip becomes so sore, and annoys her so as to render her almost useless. Can I remove two or three inches with safety. Ans.—Amputation of the tip of the tail can be performed with safety, but injures the appearance. If adopted, remove the extreme joint. We should advise you, in preference, to wrap the tip of the tail, using the heavy surgical plaster which comes in rolls. You can obtain it at any drug store.

B. H. G., Aberdeen, Miss.—My setter dog is troubled with lice. Will you please tell me what to do for him. He is in good condition, perfectly healthy, so far as I can tell. He got very poor a short time since, but is fat enough now. I have given him a dose of copperas, thinking he might have worms. I notice at times when he is sleeping before the fire at night, that he jerks, sometimes violently. Ans.—Take of quassia chips one pound, steep in one quart of water, sponge him well over, and the lice will disappear.

G. E. H., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. What is the meaning of the term a dog backing? 2. What is a sweepstake shoot? Ans.—1. A dog backs, by coming to a point immediately upon catching sight of another dog pointing upon game. Backing is made entirely from sight, and without reference to scent. It is simply one dog pointing another. 2. One in which the purse consists of the entrance money of the shooters, the prizes to be taken by those making the best scores.

O. W. S., McAllister, Ia.—I have a pure pointer puppy, about ten months old, whose left eye-lid turns in and causes constant irritation. The eye-ball seems to be affected, but not the iris. Can it be cured without an operation? If so, please state how. Ans.—This abnormal condition of the lid is called entropion, and requires an operation to cure it; any other remedies would be entirely unavailing.

KOOKK.—Kookuk, Iowa.—I have a very valuable English setter bitch, and last Monday she was lined by a black and white English setter dog, but on the Saturday following a car accidentally got to her. Now, I wish to know if that will hurt the pups of the first dog? Ans.—See answers to R. J. M., page 19, vol. XV; and F. H. L., page 389, vol. XIV.

TRAP SHOOTING.

G. W. J., Cheyenne, W. T.—P. is shooting hits bird, which being a strong one, flew, as we supposed, out of bounds, falls and dies, and is challenged for being out of bounds. The shooter walks to bird and picks it up before distance is measured. An opponent claims foul, contending P. had no right to pick bird up before distance was measured. I might add on behalf of P., that he dropped bird when foul was claimed. Ans.—We know of no rule under which a foul could be claimed. P., alone, could retrieve the challenged bird, or appoint some one to retrieve it for him. It was the duty of one of the judges, or the referee, immediately upon the challenge for distance being made, to have accompanied P. so that he, the judge, could correctly mark the spot from which the bird was taken, in order that distance might be accurately measured. Failure to do this upon the part of judge or referee would not be any reason for penalizing the shooter.

Tr. White Rock, Kan.—1. Suppose a ten-pound breech-loading shot gun, ten gauge, is loaded with an ordinary amount of shot and wads, and enough slow-burning powder to give a certain penetration at an ordinary distance, then load with shot and wads the same, and enough quick-burning powder to give the same penetration, which will give the greatest recoil to the gun. 2. How should a ten gauge gun be choked for quail, chicken and glass ball shooting, for a person that always shoots the right barrel first? 3. Explain the difference in pattern given by modicum, half, and full choke, that is, which gives the closest pattern on long distance. Ans.—1. The quick burning powder. 2. Right barrel half, left barrel full choke. 3. Modicum and half are synonymous terms. Full choke gives closest pattern.

Pointer, Quincy, Ill.—In a recent match at double rises, the shooter fired at one of the birds, and missing, fired his second barrel at the same bird. The referee, on the ground that at the time the bird was first shot at, the other bird was not on the wing, allowed the shooter two fresh birds. Was such decision correct. Ans.—Our decision cannot be made without knowing what rules the match was shot under. Nearly all trap shooting rules are silent upon this exact point, in which case the referee's decision must be taken as correct.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. A. D., Melrose, Mass.—Please tell me where I can get the cabinet photographs of Captain Adam H. Bogardus and Ira A. Paine. Is Dr. W. F. Carver married? Ans.—Address Captain A. H. Bogardus, Elkhart, Ill. Ed James, Copper, office, New York, can furnish photographs of Ira A. Paine. Dr. Carver is married.

R. P. B., Louisville, Ky.—Can the articles by Plover, now being published in the Chicago Field, be obtained in book form at present, or if not, is it the intention to publish them in such form? Ans.—They will soon be published in book form, of which our readers will have due notice.

C. W. T., Camden, N. J.—Refers only to regularly appointed correspondents in certain localities.

S. B., Norway, Mich.—Where are the Remington gun works located. Ans.—Ilion, N. Y.

Amusements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Harry G. Richmond and Florence Stover in Our Candido.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.—Theodore Thomas Concerts.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Thor. W. Keene.

HAYLEY'S.—Rice's Surprise Party.

MOOREY'S.—Hearts of Oak.

McVICKER'S.—Salvini. Also The Gun'ner.

OLYMPIC.—Leavitt's Gigantic Variety Combination.

Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Westminster Kennel Club Show, 63d street Rink, New York, April 26, 27 and 28. Entries close April 11. Chas. Lincoln, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Entries close April 1. Joseph H. Dew, Sec'y.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE DOG.

BY VERO SHAW, B. A., CANTAB, ASSISTED BY THE LEADING BREEDERS OF THE DAY.

(Cassell, Peller, Galpin & Co., Publishers.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 406, VOL. XIV.]

The Fox-Terrier.

The Cheshire terriers (or Shropshire, for the sorts were identical) were perhaps best known to the world through the kennel of Mr. Stevenson, of Chester, whose blood was mainly obtained from Mr. Poole. In the early days he won a few prizes, but for the most part contented himself with breeding game useful dogs, for which he always found a ready market. Champion Tartar, whom I shall speak of again, was of his blood, and the late Mr. Arrowamth, who won a good many prizes at Yorkshire shows, built up his kennel from a bitch of Mr. Stevenson's breed. Another well known Shropshire kennel was Lord Hill's. His dogs were, I think, rather smaller and neater than Mr. Poole's, but of the same stamp. In former days I owned a Shropshire terrier bred by Mr. Stevenson from Mr. Poole's blood, and he might serve as a good type of the sort. He weighed just fifteen pounds when in good condition, and though he showed a little bull in the head, was not otherwise deficient in terrier character. For his temper and mode of work he was a thorough terrier, except that he was rather more teachable than is usual. His bull-terrier descent showed itself chiefly in the extreme fineness of his ears. I have often seen him come out of a gorse covert with his ears raining blood, yet always ready for another go-in. One noticeable feature about these dogs was the almost entire absence of black-and-tan markings. I myself have seen a good many, and never saw one so marked. One I have seen with that sort of dark brindle which we sometimes find in the Belvoir blood, but as a rule if they were marked at all, it was with a light lemon-tan. I do not know whether Lille, who for many years reigned supreme at Birmingham, had any Shropshire blood in her, but her appearance certainly suggested it. I well remember a Shropshire friend of mine pointing her out to me at Birmingham as the stamp that he had been brought up to admire.

The best known, however, of these dogs, and the only one that left his mark definitely among show terriers, was old Tartar. He was bred by Mr. Stevenson, from Mr. Poole's blood (indeed, he was on his sire's side half brother to my old dog, whom I described). After winning some prizes he passed into the hands of Mr. Wootton for £40, a price which in those days created universal astonishment. Subsequently he was bought by the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, who at that time also owned Jock. Tartar had a brilliant show career, and succeeded one year at Birmingham in beating his hitherto invincible kennel companion, Jock. Tartar was a short, thick-set dog, rather broad in chest, with extraordinary legs and feet, and wonderful muscle everywhere. At the same time he unquestionably showed bull, not only in his head, but also in his loins and thighs, where the muscle stood out in bosses, a feature never found in the true terrier. At the stud he was chiefly notable as the sire of Tyke and Trumps, both begotten from daughters of Jock. The former was the offspring of that good bitch, Nectar, and was in point of gameness a worthy son of Tartar. As a show dog he was fairly successful, and his name is to be found in more than one good pedigree. Tartar's chief claim to fame as a sire, however, rests on Tyke. As with his father, disputes ran high over him, and even in the very zenith of his show career he was roundly denounced by some as a bull terrier. Unlike his sire, he was a dog of remarkable style and quality, though it could not be denied that his fine coat, the build of his hindquarters, and a patch on one cheek, which admirers called bound-tan, and enemies brindle, betrayed his origin. He in his turn begot that sterling good bitch, Natty, and a very neat dog, Little Jim, in whom his sire's good and bad characteristics seemed to be intensified. Another fair son of Tyke was Mr. Procter's Tester. Indeed, it is probable that Tyke had a brilliant career before him as a sire, when he met with an untimely end in a fight, not long after he had become the property of Mr. Gibson, of Brokenhurst, at the long price of £120.

To sum up, I should say that looking at the many good qualities of the Shropshire blood, especially of the Tartar family, there is no objection to a slight infusion of it. But it needs to be handled gingerly, and a second cross of it would be almost sure to bring out objectionable peculiarities.

I now come to an important branch of my subject, the consideration, namely, of what I may for convenience call the Midland terriers, from whom, as I believe, our best show blood is derived. The three packs with which this sort has been specially connected are the Belvoir, the Grove, and Lord Middleton's. An admirable account of these was given in the *Country* by the writer to whom I have before referred. Two of these packs, the Grove and Lord Middleton's, had for their huntsmen members of the Morgan family, a race as prolific in huntsmen as the Napier family have been in soldiers. Consequently there have been, I believe, frequent exchanges of terrier blood between the two kennels. The kennel, however, which was specially made a point of its terriers is the Belvoir. Their pedigrees can be traced in a direct line for more than thirty years, and though of course it would be impossible to get a detailed account of all the links, it is clear that there were dogs among them who would have held their own well in modern shows. As to their working capacities it is needless to dwell on them. The very fact of a particular strain being kept and cherished by more than one huntsman, is evidence enough of its merits on that point. At the same time, I have my doubts whether they have been kept absolutely free from all introduction of bull-terrier blood. At least, I know that some twelve years ago prick-ears and pink noses were not wholly unknown among them; and I have been told that such traits do even now make their appearance occasionally. Besides these three packs, there are others that have had good terriers. The Brocklesby had, I believe, some; and their Tartar deserves special mention as the grandsire of that good dog Jester II. Beers, too, the Duke of Grafton's huntsman, specially prided himself on his terriers, and had some good ones, partly, I believe, of the Belvoir blood. As an evidence of the value of the blood, especially for working purposes, I have been assured on good authority that he could always get £10 for a young dog, entered to work, before the present rage for fox-terriers. Another who

paid special attention to his terriers was Whitmore, the Hon. Mark Rolle's huntsman. He, like Beers, got some of his blood from the Grove; and his Grip, so bred, was the sire of Foller, and through him, the ancestor of many of our best terriers.

Just as thoroughbred horses are often grouped into three families, headed by the Derby Arabian, the Byerley Turk, and the Godolphin Arabian—the Shem, Ham, and Japhet of the turf, as they have been called—so we may conveniently classify fox-terriers under the families of Jock, Trap, and Belvoir Joe. That, at least, will practically include nearly all of any note. Other strains there are, notably that of Old Foller, which have been of value, but they are almost extinct in the male line, and the division I propose will certainly include nineteen-twentieths of the really good dogs. First, if not in merit, at least in the widespread nature of his influence, comes Old Jock. My own recollections of the old dog date from his declining days; but I can well believe what I have often heard alleged, that he has never had a superior, and scarcely an equal. My own impression, based on the recollection of what he was when I saw him in his wane at Birmingham show in 1867 is that Buffett, Bloom, Olive, and perhaps Hornet and Fussy, are the only terriers since, that could have held their own with him. At the stud he can hardly be said to have got anything of the same class as himself; still, he had a goodly list of winners among his progeny, and his blood has come out with wonderful success through his daughters. In fact, Jock bitches have been to terrier breeders what Touchstone mares have been to the breeders of race horses. The best, perhaps, of Jock's, as a show dog, was his namesake, Jock II, the Birmingham winner in 1872. He was a son of that grand bitch, Grove Nettle; at least, he was said to be so. I have heard, however, doubts thrown on this, and certainly Jock II's utter failure as a stud dog throws some suspicion on his pedigree. Another good son of Jock was Vassal, who won at Birmingham in 1866. His chief claim to celebrity as a stud dog rested on Gaddy. Gaddy was himself far from a show dog; but he begot a good many winners, including that most unworthy recipient of high honors, Rivet. Gaddy, I should add, was an undoubted son of Grove Nettle, so it can be no matter for surprise that his name often occurs in a good pedigree. Vassal's dam was, I believe, of unknown pedigree; but I have been told by one who knew her that she was a rather weedy bitch, deficient in coat, with a good deal of English terrier character. This may account for certain objectionable peculiarities that have from time to time shown themselves in the descendants of Gaddy—prick-ears and fine coats among them. One special merit of the Gaddy blood is its great gameness. Indeed, though Jock himself bore a doubtful character in this respect, his descendants have been as a rule conspicuous for puck. The son on whom Old Jock's mantle really fell, at least as a sire, was Jester. His dam, Cottingham Nettle, was herself said to be a daughter of Old Jock. This, if true, strikingly illustrates the capacity of the blood to bear in-breeding, a capacity of which I shall have more to say hereafter. Jester himself was never shown, owing to an accident, and I should hardly imagine that he had the style and quality needful for a show dog. His fame as a stud dog was established by his two daughters, Saire and XL. Saire was, as I have said, out of a bitch of Mr. Stevenson's blood, and, besides winning many prizes, she was the dam of good ones. XL was seldom shown; but most good judges are agreed in placing her among the best ever seen. She was begotten from a bitch by old Tyrant, dam by Jock, and as Tyrant himself was a grandson of Jock, this is a pretty good comment on the lengths to which in-breeding may safely be carried. XL herself, whether from ill-luck or injudicious mating, never bred anything of any conspicuous merit. Of Jester's sons, by far the most noted was Jester II, from a bitch combining the Brocklesby and Lord Middleton's blood. His terrier-like character, marred by a coarse head and ill-carried ears, is too fresh in the memory of the public to need description. As a stud dog, his best success has been with that sterling good bitch Akely Nettle. Her dam was a granddaughter of Old Jester, another illustration of the aptitude of the blood for in-breeding. There is yet another son of Jock's that deserves mention, Mr. Shirley's Jack, a Birmingham winner in 1867. He passed into Mr. Gibson's hands, but was unluckily lost before he had time to prove his full merits as a sire. His memory, however, was preserved at Brokenhurst, by his daughter Judy, the dam of Moss, from whom are descended a host of good dogs, including Buffett and Bloomer, and thus, through two lines, Bloom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dilley's Pointers—Amateur and Professional Handlers at Field Trials, Etc.

FLATBUSH, L. I.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—It was with no little pleasure that I read awhile back in the CHICAGO FIELD, a simple and truthful tribute from the pen of McK., praising the Dilley pointer, and corroborating my experience with this valuable strain of field dogs, for in my case they have justified all their breeder claims. Hardy, staunch, enduring and speedy, with nose second to none, their tractability in the field, their intelligence in acquiring their education, and last but not least, their companionable disposition, render them all that any sportsman could desire.

I have, since 1877, owned them in their purity, and up to date they have never failed to produce results that I have never obtained, with one exception, from any other pointer or setter, imported or native. The exception was my old Black Ned, and as he was one that it rarely falls to the lot of the lucky sportsman to own, and that but once during his shooting days, it is not my intention, considering how brief is life, to worry my brains endeavoring to find his duplicate, but to trust my chance that Dame Fortune may cast her veritable shadow in my path. Had my Don Royal (by Walker's Sulphe ex-Dilley's Countess Royal, litter sister to champion Ranger) been properly handled and broken in his younger days, I doubt if his superior could easily have been found, and he would have come nearest to supplying the loss I met with in Black Ned's death. Don Royal's faults arise solely from having been broken in a slovenly manner, and not from lack of natural qualifications that go toward making a first-class field dog. I have just purchased from Mr. Dilley a pointer bitch pup by his champion Ranger, ex his Dolloy, and I look forward to the development of something extra fine for my shooting and breeding purposes in this youngster.

I wrote Mr. Dilley some little time ago, asking him as a special favor, considering our friendship, to send me Countess Royal when she came in season this Spring, that I might breed her to the Neversluk Kennel's Croxteth (G. Lowe's Young Bang, ex-Macdonald's Jane) the finest stud pointer, in my belief and estimation, we have in this country, combining more, or as many crosses, than any other dog, of the Sifton blood, of which Leatherhead writes in such deservedly flattering praise, and from this union I am anticipating the most happy results. I do this, and assume all expenses, not as a matter of profit, but as a test and experiment of my views, as I doubt if I shall have any of the produce for sale, and if so, only dog whelps. I intend retaining all, except one bitch, providing she has more than one, exclusively for my own use, or a dog pup, which I will return with Countess Royal to Mr. Dilley. Such is my faith in this breed, and I trust I have not been worshipping a false idol.

I shall never forget a little circumstance that took place in the Spring of 1877, at the time Mr. Dilley came with his string of seven or nine pointers to attend the New York dog show. As Mr. Dilley let them all out upon the lawn, Mrs. C., my better half, was looking at them. She afterward said, "Ranger looked like a gentleman, a true born aristocrat among the others." This, indeed, was true praise, as she is not over fond of dogs, though always kind and most considerate to them, and she has an eye for the beautiful, except when she took your humble servant.

I have received most flattering testimonials from a few sportsmen who have availed themselves of the blood of my Don Royal. I say from few sportsmen, for be it understood I have not bred for wholesale distribution and pecuniary reward, but solely for quality and honor, and to raise the pointer to the highest standard of perfection my means, influence, time and judgment can produce; and should I succeed in my efforts, I shall never follow breeding for a profit. The reason I have pinned my faith and hopes on this breed as a foundation on which to build my reputation, is their natural field qualities, and workmanlike *tout ensemble*, with a high grade of beauty and physical perfection.

Now, to my judgment, for a model merely of a pointer, Snapshot takes the highest rank; but the workmanlike quality was terribly lacking in him, which I have said is so prominent in Ranger and Croxteth; in fact, it is singular how strikingly alike these two last are. When I saw Croxteth at the last show, I was greatly disappointed in him; but when I viewed him at the late Eastern field trials, my disappointment was turned into admiration—he was simply grand! I have seen all the "cracks," Faust, Bow, Snapshot, and many others, but this is my candid opinion after mature and deliberate consideration.

I have but few pleasures and interests in this world, outside of my home, but my ruling passion and foremost interest is the elevation and purification of all sporting matters; to raise the standard and tone of our dogs and pleasures afield. I don't include or care a rap for those dogs that are kept to show once a year by gentlemen, or placed in the custody of a handler or breaker by the owner to make the circuit of field trials, for the laudable purpose of affording his master the favor of standing on a bill top to view his performances, and, if successful, that he may boast to his circle of admiring friends of owning such a wonderful dog, whose performances were this and that, who had beaten so and so, etc., *ad infinitum*, but the dog that is shot over, and masterfully handled by his owner, who makes a companion of him, whose love and praise of him is engendered by the pleasure and first-class work derived in his recreative field sport.

This keeping and owning a dog like a trotting horse, who is placed in charge of a trainer or driver to witness his performance and success from a stand, and to bet on, is simply prostituting field sports and its adjuncts from their legitimate use to a false purpose and gambling end, and I sincerely trust this will ever receive, at the hands of all gentlemen sportsmen, the severest condemnation and disapprobation. My meaning must not be construed that I disapprove of field trials; far from it, and as a substantiation to the contrary, I would say, I am identified with several, and give them all the support in my power; but what I intend to convey is, that their good purposes and results may easily be perverted to base uses. I am aware that some sportsmen, at their homes, find it almost an impossibility, from lack of time, or scarcity of game, to handle or break their own dogs; supposing them qualified so to do. To such it is neither a discredit or disgrace to have a dog broken by a breaker, and unfortunately many of us suffer from such disadvantages; but let even such, if they can, attend a field trial, show a disposition and their ability to handle and work their dogs personally, and then we can form some conception of the value of their opinions, and their fitness as shooting companions, etc. We have already too large a class that are simply mouth-pieces to herald triumphs and successes broadcast over the land. I hope with the close of the present year we may chronicle a vast improvement.

I also hope for the abolishment of a most reprehensible and inexcusable habit our sportsmen, of late, have fallen into; the writing of letters filled with scurrilous slurs, flung at one another in a most indelicate manner. Because Mr. So-and-so fancies a dashing fast dog, and excuses some flushes made in consequence; or another fancies a pointer, a Laverack, a Llewellyn, or a steady, cautious dog that works up a trail for all it is worth, or one a dog who takes body scent, another the foot scent, seems sufficient pretext for one or the other to immediately rush into print and endeavor to prove his opponent a legitimate successor to Ananias, Ignoramus, etc. Has it come to this pass, that we cannot indulge in an amicable controversy, and exchange of views with a brother sportsman, or must we condemn to eternal oblivion and perdition all those who do not hold as we do? If so, we had better stop, and eschew all controversies in future.

One parting word, before I switch off from our frailties, in regard to the effort to obliterate all social lines, and raise the cry of equality and fraternity for all. Even in this democratic government such effort is futile and time lost, and can never be accomplished beyond a certain extent of politeness. The lines are as sharply and distinctly drawn as those of the earth and sea, and it has been written, it would be as vain a task as to expect oil and water to amalgamate. The inferior is always uncomfortable and unhappy in social intercourse with his superior, there being a restraint which cannot be overcome, while on the other hand, the superior is dreadfully bored in entertaining the inferior from an ignorance of his customs and manners, and this difference, this lack of knowledge, each of the habits of the other, is of itself a sufficient barrier to preclude all intimacy, and, furthermore, that which the professional considers clever and sharp, is not countenanced by the intuitive courtesy of the gentleman or amateur; so what one deems laudable, the other brands as disgraceful. But enough, time, that solver of all problems, will produce the convincing proofs in these field trials, as it has in all other trials where the gentleman amateur comes in open competition with the professional.

In conclusion, I must acknowledge my gratitude in reading, in the CHICAGO FIELD, such reassuring and good reports from many quarters concerning the welfare and future of the quail. I hope he has passed the last ordeal for 1881. The birds on Robin's Island are doing finely, and are coming out of this beastly Winter we have experienced, in prime condition. We have had a grand thaw for about a week, and the scarcity of snow and ice is something to be devoutly thankful for, while the sight of real bare ground makes one almost imagine he can hear the scrape of the snipe once more. Robins and blackbirds have been with us for about a week. I am much interested in the present enthusiasm about the destruction of hawks. Score me two, and as soon as the under-planning is better and a little more passable, I am going to have another shy at them. I have made it a rule for the last twenty-five years to shoot all hawks that came in range of old Phebe, and she nailed many a lad during that time. Let all keep up the good work.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

THE ORGILL POINTERS.—We would call attention to the fact, that Mr. Edmund Orgill has placed his fine pointer dogs champion Rush, Rocket and Snapshot Jr., in the stud. Those desiring to avail themselves of the services of these valuable dogs, will find particulars in our advertising columns.

Mr. Herzberg's Reply to Breeder.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Breeder has come back again, and I am pleased to note a decided improvement in his manners; but am pained at the increased incoherence of his statements, and by the additional fact that he has fallen into errors in "grammar," like Mr. Hollins. I should not be amazed to learn that he had taken to "eye glasses" and "admiration of the ladies." I would be delighted if I thought Breeder had also become imbued with some of Mr. Hollins' candor.

But to come to the point, which Breeder seems to have forgotten, I will requote the paragraph to which I first took exception; it appeared in your issue of September 18, 1880, over the signature Breeder.

"My opinion of him (Tory) would not in any way change or be worth more, as Mr. Hollins thinks, if I had seen him lately. I would not go fifty yards to see him again, because I know he has a falling, which will not only last as long as he lasts, but as long as his stock lasts, too. He is the sire of Emperor Fred, whose legs are like his own."

Breeder will not deny that he wrote this. Let us examine it again, and, from the examination, see if this man's judgment and veracity are worthy of credence, or if he does not draw on his imagination for his facts, and on his narrow prejudices for his criticisms.

Emperor Fred, that Breeder so superciliously condemns in September, took the first prize at the National dog show at Birmingham in the following December, and won the champion prize at Manchester, two weeks after, beating the renowned champion Rock who had taken a hundred prizes before. So much for the opinion of Breeder, as to the merits of Emperor Fred; so much for the deformities which competent judges failed to see.

Breeder is as indifferent to what he has said as to what he has seen, or it may be that like others with his peculiarities, he has a short memory. Did he not say that he "had seen Tory at Birmingham when he was a mature dog, and would not go fifty yards to see him again?" Now it has been shown that up to the time this statement was made, Tory never had been shown at Birmingham.

When Mr. Hollins calls attention to this error, or worse, Breeder waives it off as a matter of no importance, and such a fact can truly be of no importance to a man whose natural tendency lies in the direction of canine fiction and personal abuse. Has Breeder read the criticisms of Emperor Fred in the *London Field*, *Bell's Life*, *Land and Water*, *Live Stock Journal* and *Stock-keeper*? Does he believe that their praises are false or paid for, or has the truth dawned on his mind, that as a critic he is not himself a success?

In his letter in your issue of the 5th inst., Breeder says, "Mr. Robinson's letter went to show that Emperor Fred had no known sire, and I believe that the probabilities are greatly in favor of his being by Tory." Is not this cooling mildly as a sucking dove, compared with the dogmatic assertion in September, "Tory is the sire of Emperor Fred, whose legs are like his own?"

The mild uncertainty that has come upon this man is a good sign, and leads me to believe that while Breeder can never win as a writer, that the investigating spirit will come to him, and that as he acquires logical methods and gathers facts his conscience will be so reawakened, as to lead him to look with real sorrow on the blighted days when he rashly tried to write canine criticisms for the edification of Yankees.

Breeder says, "Had Mr. Herzberg asked me, with common civility, why I said Emperor Fred was by Tory, I should have been pleased to inform him."

Well, this is juicy; why, I knew more about it than Breeder. And then the idea of coming hat in hand to this critical Mobawk, who was calling men "liars," "perjurers," and "ignoramuses," would be too much for my poor nerves. The man jostled me, and I pushed him aside as I should any other bully.

But did he not say in his first letter, that I (Herzberg) "write about persons and things about which I know nothing?" And when I showed him that I did know the gentleman, Mr. Robinson, whom he so grossly vilified, and that my own kennel was an evidence that I was not wholly ignorant on dog matters, did he not maliciously and brutally accuse me in his last letter of "trying to raise the reputation of his (my) kennel by pulling down the reputation of the Llewellyn setter?"

If this be Breeder's idea of what is fair, I am quite willing that he shall have all the merit the coarse insinuation warrants. But to come back to the genealogy of Emperor Fred, which is the real question at issue, it will be necessary for me to recapitulate.

First. The fact that at one time there was a doubt as to Emperor Fred's sire in the mind of Mr. Robinson, and that he thought he was by Tory, and so said, would be to any fair-minded man the best evidence of Mr. Robinson's honesty. But Mr. Robinson acted on the belief of an old, bed-ridden man, Mr. Laverack, now dead, and when the truth of the case was brought to his mind, with an equal candor he gave it to the world in his letter to the *London Field*, dated March 20, 1880. I will not requote this letter, the fairness of which your readers will recall, but I will requote the affidavit of Edward Rodgers, Mr. Laverack's kennel man.

DEAR SIR: I told Mr. Laverack myself that your Daisy refused Tory, so he told me to put her to Prince, and he served her. The next day he told me to put her to Tory, and she refused him again. He then ordered me to put her to Prince, and he served her again. No one but me and Mr. Laverack knew anything about the dogs. I cannot think what his reason could be to tell you that; for, as I always told him everything myself, what I have said is the truth.

Hinton, March 10, 1880, I declare that this is true.

EDWARD RODGERS.

Taken before me, Robert Peel, Ethelston, J. P., county of Salop.

Now, we must believe that Rodgers is a perjurer, or that Breeder is a malicious slanderer. No honest man can be long in doubt as to his decision in this matter.

The kennel man had no reason to swear falsely as to the sire of the best dog in England to-day, but the man who mistakes malignancy for candor, and assertion for fact, would not hesitate to cry down all who oppose him and bring him to task.

With a candor that does him credit, Mr. Llewellyn himself, when the kennel club refused to remove the doubt from the genealogy of Emperor Fred, wrote the following letter to Mr. Robinson.

18 HOLLES ST., CAVENDISH SQUARE, L.

LONDON, W., March 22.

J. R. ROBINSON, Esq., Nile Street, Sunderland.
Dear Sir:—I was glad to see your letter in the *Field*. I hope you will make it out satisfactory. The absurdity, as it has always seemed to me, of the Kennel Club or any dog club constituting themselves judges of the dog matters of the public, is that they all exhibit themselves, and it is just the same as if the plaintiff in a case was to be the judge and jury as well, which, of course, would be a farce; but in dog matters it does not seem to be a farce; indeed, we have so many farces about these abuses, and so it is that they are permitted to continue.

There could not be a better instance than the blackguard attack made on me by Bowers, a Kennel Club member, in the papers. It is interesting to trace the trail of dog cases to be a farce, because it is to their interest to invent first of all some "mare's nest" which they trumpet up out of their own invention, and by misstatements and falsehood, and then the case comes for trial before the very men who have trumped it up—can there be anything more ridiculous? Is it not a farce to think

that fair play is what they want? What they want is to injure you, because it was for that very object that they trumped up the case. It is making a fool of one's self seriously replying to such.

The fact is dog matters are in a shocking state altogether, and the only thing is for a man to well reflect before he begins exhibiting whether he will or no, because if he is successful (and I suppose no one begins to exhibit without his aim is to be successful) then envy and detraction are perfectly certain to follow, and as there is no impartial tribunal, only interested or careless newspapers, or else interested rival exhibitors, it is absurd to think that if he has a complaint it will be fairly met. The only thing is to give them *rope enough* till they say something that will enable the case to be taken to a real tribunal, i. e., before H. M. S. Judges.

Yours truly,
R. L. P. LLEWELLYN.

P. S.—One thing is very clear, viz., that it is no good to knock under to the Kennel Club.

You say you have always been peaceful and harmless to them, yet see what you have got by it, you are no better off. The fact is, if they are not afraid of you they do what they like. If you are insignificant they do what they like. You have gained nothing whatever by being smooth to them, nor does any one. They promise and profess loud, but what do they do for you?

In benefiting themselves they may, by accident, benefit you, but they don't think about or calculate on you. If every one was in independent, and did not so soon knock under, from fear or indifference, many abuses would be righted.

The fact that Mr. Llewellyn indorses the veracity and honesty of Mr. Robinson is a strong point. Of course, it might not satisfy every hostler, or dog feeder in England; even Mr. Llewellyn's kennel man might object to it. But I am now supposing that gentlemen have the question under consideration—not creatures, who, if Breeder is to be believed, are intellectually but a little above and morally far beneath the animals they care for.

Breeder in his last letter plays the pedagogue—heaven save the mark!—by saying I "confuse reputation with 'name' or 'title,'" in regard to the success of the Llewellyn setters in America. If Breeder would take a peep at the dictionary, he would find a much more comprehensive word, "character," which is very often the reverse of "reputation," and at variance at times, with "name" and "title." I commend the word to his consideration, and will hint, that while blind denunciation may give a man a character that is unenviable, that it can never add to his reputation for honesty, and this is something worth striving for.

Breeder, having no name to damn, cannot be said to have a character, but he most assuredly has a reputation with the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD. It is not too late for him to change. The past will be forgiven if he comes out like a man, confesses his errors, and acknowledges his blunders. He is not so strong as to be a lasting object of dislike to the men he has traduced; he is not so knowing that he cannot learn more. The question is, will he do it and be a man, or will he return yet again, like a dog, to his vomit.

E. A. HERZBERG.

Dogs of India.

The Indian wild dog, which bears a strong resemblance to the Dingo, or feral dog of Australia, is a very peculiar species, and we should say most unhesitatingly, that it is in no way connected with the origin of any domesticated variety. In the skull there is a remarkable distinction; it is of peculiar shape, and the second grinder of the lower jaw, found in all true dogs, wolves, and jackals, is invariably found wanting. It is most commonly known in India as the *Junglekuta* (Anglice, "wild dog"); but it is the same as the *Bianau* of the Himalayas, the *Dhole* of Bengal, and the *Kolsam* of the Dukhun. It keeps to the jungles at all elevations, hunts in small packs of eight or ten, is a most destructive beast of prey, and is the only wild canine, with the exception of a few jackals in Upper Burma, to be found in Indo-China and the Himalayan regions; and though distinguished by various names, as *primævus*, *dukhunensis*, *sumatranus*, *javanicus*, etc., there does not appear to be any marked difference in specimens from widely-separated localities. Those of Southern India are said to be of a deeper color than those inhabiting Himalaya, Assam, and Burma, and there is the usual difference of appearance according to the season of the year. Over so wide a range as fifteen hundred miles in latitude, and more than a thousand in longitude in some places, it naturally presents considerable climatic variation, and there appears to be a slight difference between those of elevated localities and those found in the valley of the Ganges; all its true characteristics, however, including the want of the second tuberculated tooth in the lower jaw, are the same in all parts. Mr. Hodgson, who was the first to accurately describe this variety, expressed his belief that it was the original from which all the domesticated dogs sprung, and for this reason gave it the distinguishing name of *Primævus*; but as the hypothesis is mere assumption, unsupported by proof, that appellation is objectionable and misleading. The peculiarity in the jaw before alluded to, and which is shared by no domesticated dog, may rather be taken as a proof that it is *not* the parent stock. According to Cuvier's grouping the wild dog of India belongs to the long-muzzled division, in which may be classed all that exists in a state of nature. The character of this division, however, consists more in the compressed form and small cavity of the skull than in the mere elongation of the muzzle. In build the Indian wild dog is not unlike the dingo; but, to convey a better idea to those who have never seen the Australian dog, we may compare its appearance to an underbred and half-starved colley of a reddish hue, with oblique eyes, pricked ears, a little rounded at the tips, and strong, thick-set limbs. The body is slender, with deep girth like a greyhound, and cut up in the flank. The tail, which is tapering, is borne with no recurvature. The muzzle, though long and tapering, is not so sharp as a fox or a jackal. The prevailing color is red or reddish-brown, darker about the muzzle and stern, but varying with locality.

Exceedingly vigorous and persevering, and possessing good nose and great pace, they seldom fail in pulling down their prey. They have not been known to attack human beings unless closely interfered with, when they will defend themselves with considerable courage. According to Captain Shakespeare, in his "Wild Sports of India," the Dhole is not common; at all events, he only met with it twice, and both times in the Chandah district of Nagpore. "Once after I had been shooting wild ducks at a large tank," he writes, "in a dense jungle, I left for the purpose of waiting for large game at drinking-time in the evening at another tank. Just as I came to it I saw some eight wild dogs, who had that moment run into and killed a large wild sow. One had his muzzle in the entrails of the dog, and I shot him with a rifle ball at about ninety yards off. I followed up, and got another very long shot, and eventually lost the wounded dog in the thick jungle. I shot and bagged one last year in the same district. He was a pup. These two packs differed very much from each other, though found not above sixty miles apart, and in the same district—the first in the month of March, and the second in the month of May. The first were long, very lean, almost red dogs, standing, I should think, about twenty-two inches high, and with short hair. The last were more like wolves, and were of a yellow color, with black muzzles and marks down the neck and back, one being a very handsome brute. They had rather rough hair. They run down and live upon the largest deer in the jungle, and according to the account of the native hunters, they adopt the following plan: They run by nose, and having made themselves acquainted with Sambur or other deer in the valley or shel of the jungle, they separate and lie in wait at the different passes from the ghat, crouching on the high ground above the paths

taken by the deer. One or two of the pack then go round and rouse the sambur, who rushes up hill by one of the many paths. The dog who lies in waiting springs at his victim and fixes to his throat, and the others soon run into him. The sambur, or elk, and the large neelgay are very formidable opponents to a dog, and constantly kill him with a single blow of his fore foot, splitting his skull open; nor indeed, can any but large and powerful dogs, in packs, run into and kill either of these kind of deer, which are twice as heavy and powerful as the red deer of Scotland.

When captured quite young they can be partially tamed, and recognize their masters like other dogs, but with adult specimens very little in the way of domestication can be achieved. It is said they growl rather than bark, and that the sound is very dissimilar to that of European dogs.

The wild dog of India must not be confounded with the Pariah, or common village dog of India, which is a mongrel race of semi-domesticated dog, abounding in and about the habitations of the natives. It has been supposed they possess a mixture of the blood of the various domesticated breeds of India, together with a strong infusion of the Dhole. The Pariah has been described by travelers as slender and grayhoundy in build, with a small head, pricked ears, and a thin, curled tail. They are mostly fleet in the chase, and many are courageous enough to attack the wild boar. They have been known to lay hold of a good-sized one by the ear and hold him fast, but this is not often, for as in such conflicts they are apt to become severely wounded, they grow more cautious and confine their attack to the hind parts of their quarry. Sometimes they are employed in the chase, and are said to be of considerable service until they get badly wounded, after which their courage and inclination for the chase generally desert them, though occasionally dogs considerably scarred will be seen in the field. These dogs seldom have any particular owner, but prowl about the streets picking up a scanty living as best they may.—CARACTACUS, in the London Stockkeeper.

Shamrock on the Wing.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Agreeably to promise made you when leaving home, I have, while on my Eastern trip, visited several of the canine fanciers in the East, particularly the establishment of Mr. Al. Watts, Boston. Mr. Watts is, under the authority of the city, empowered to destroy all dogs found running at large without a license. From him I learned, that under the city ordinance, no dog is allowed to run at large without wearing a collar bearing the license tag, but having such, it is not required they shall be muzzled to prevent their being killed. This humane act will commend itself to every lover of the dog, and it would be well if your city council would adopt the same policy. As it now is, the paying for a license is no more of a protection than if one had not been procured. If there is one thing, more than another, that will cause dogs to go mad, it is muzzling them in warm weather.



BEN II.

Boston has been quite fortunate in the selection of Mr. Watts to see that parties having dogs secure the necessary license, as he is a gentleman of fine feelings, a great lover of a good dog, a good judge, knowing at sight a valuable dog from a worthless cur, consequently but few valuable dogs are destroyed. Where a valuable dog is found running at large without a license, he is followed to his home, his owner notified he must procure a license, for should his dog be again found running at large, without a license, he (the dog) is liable to be destroyed as the law directs. His owner having been thus duly warned, will either procure the license, or virtually admit he does not consider the animal of sufficient value to do so. Mr. Watts is the owner of a large establishment for the sale of dogs and birds, where he has a great variety of the canine race, amongst which were some fine specimens, though he informed me he kept most of his rare and valued ones in the country. I was much pleased with the fine, healthy appearance of those I saw.

For the first time I here saw a pure bred Yorkshire terrier, one Mr. Watts had just imported, blue and tan, a perfect beauty. He had also some fine terriers of other breeds, also what he called Blenheim spaniels, but, twenty years ago, having owned and seen those I thought so much better, I could not agree with him that those he had were perfect specimens, although I must admit they were of the right color (red and white), and yet for years I have seen but few better specimens. The best I know of are owned by Mr. Joseph Hickson, Montreal. All of the breeders of King Charles or Blenheim spaniels, with whom I conversed, admit that such as were to be had twenty years ago, cannot now be found either in England or this country. They retain to a great extent the form but lack the long silky ear, and fine feather, which to me, constituted their beauty. Mr. Bellis, a noted breeder of King Charles spaniels, has some very fine ones, as good possibly as can now be found. I find, to preserve the short nose and round head, some parties have crossed with the pug but by so doing, they have lost coat and ear. I find in the East the pug and Yorkshire terrier are the fashionable pet dogs.

I was fortunate in being introduced to Mr. Elbridge C. Comey, of Somerville, Mass., who has recently imported some of the finest Yorkshire terriers I have ever seen, and as near as I could learn, they are admitted to be as good as any that have ever been imported or bred in America. I had the pleasure of seeing them. He has the noted Ben II, of whom the accompanying portrait is an accurate and good likeness. He has recently imported three extra fine bitches at a great expense, paying as high as £30 for one, and but a trifle less for the others. He sent an agent to England to secure the best that could be had, regardless of expense. His agent employed Caractacus, your English correspondent, to assist him in finding extra specimens, and to do this a little strategy was used. They went to a section of country where the Yorkshire terrier is bred in its purity, and offered prizes for the best specimens between six and ten pounds weight, to be shown at a certain time. Thirty-two specimens were exhibited, from which the three bitches were selected, and are said by Caractacus to be perfect specimens of the breed. Could some of your Western

exhibitors, who have exhibited mongrels at bench shows, see this collection, my opinion is they would never again disgrace the name of the breed by showing such specimens as have not only been exhibited, but have taken prizes as Yorkshire terriers.

I called on our mutual friend, Luther Adams. I found him in the new store on State street, to which he has just removed. He seems to take as much interest as ever in the Llewellyn setter and his noted dogs Dash and Drake are looked upon as being the *ne plus ultra* of setters in that section. I leave here to-morrow, intending, on my way home, to visit the cocker spaniel kennel, of M. P. McKoon, Franklin, Delaware county, N. Y., and of J. Otis Fellows, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Should I have time to visit, as I now intend, these kennels, I will give you an account of what I see.

The weather is so cold, and trains so badly delayed by snow, that it is impossible to say I shall have time to visit either one or both of them.

SHAMROCK.

The Programme of Our Field Trials.

CRESTON, IA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I notice the communication of Blue in your last issue, with reference to a field trial programme. I agree with Blue as to the abolishing of the Brace Stakes, and the reasons are so many that it is not worth while enumerating them.

The Derby Stakes we all seem to be agreed upon, so no discussion is likely to arise over them.

That there should also be a stake open to all young and promising dogs, winners in the Derby and others, but excluding the old campaigners, like Gladstone, Sensation, Nellie, and other former winners, will, I think, be readily admitted. The trouble in this matter will arise from the stake to which the former winners will be confined, for it would virtually be a Champion Stake, and the entries would be comparatively limited in number.

There are two objections which I can see would be made by owners of dogs, admissible to a Champion Stake. One is, that unless the entrance fee is increased, the stake would not repay the expense attendant upon entering and contesting for it; and the other is, should the entrance fee be increased, owners of first class dogs would not like to incur the expense of preparation, pay large entrance, and hazard the reputation of their dogs upon such short contests, as to number of points, as the present rules call for.

My idea is, that eventually, if not at once, we should divide up our vast kennel territory into, say, four district associations, viz.: East, West, Middle and Southern, and that each of these associations should hold a field trial with a Derby Stake upon the programme.

The National Association should then hold trials, their programme including only an All-Aged Stake for setters; the same for pointers; and a Free-For-All, or Champion Stake for setters and pointers. The number of points should be largely increased in the Champion Class, with the view, as far as possible, of eliminating chance from the contest. Two such stakes could be run off in six days, which is as long a time as it would be possible, in my opinion, to hold together those who would be interested.

I am in favor of separating setters and pointers in the All-Aged Stake, as the pick of each class would come together in the Champion Stake, and there are many sportsmen who love to use one species or the other, without regard to which are the best, except of each kind. A contest between pointers would decide which was the best pointer, and the same of setters.

It has not been my experience to meet with many fast pointers, and only such exceptional dogs as Bow and a few others, can compete with setters while so many points are allowed for speed.

I don't say there are no fast pointers, but what I mean is, that you may take, say fifty of the best of each breed, and the number of very fast dogs amongst the setters will largely outnumber those among the pointers.

It is my belief that not enough attention has been paid of late years to breeding the pointer for speed, nor do I believe they will ever rank with the setter in such respect, until they are bred to have more powerful quarters, with a very much more crooked hind leg. You rarely see a pointer of good form behind, and you seldom meet with a setter of poor form there. This, to me, tells the whole story.

Let the pointers then have a class of their own, so that their admirers, and they are many, may select from winners in such class.

DRACO.

The Dogs of Latrobe.

LATROBE, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—My ancestors were neither mighty Nimrods nor followers of Isaac Walton; my brothers and younger relatives are in the same class, and I the lone sheep of the flock. Born with an innate love for hunting and fishing, my greatest felicity is the dog and gun, and in these days of the close season I find the CHICAGO FIELD indispensable to my happiness; why, I would sooner do without my meals than my CHICAGO FIELD. What it would take a man a lifetime to gather, by the closest observation, we get in a few months by the perusal of the CHICAGO FIELD. We gain by the experience of others that which we would, or might, never know of the habits of the different species of game; then, in the language of a brother subscriber, let us have experience meetings for the benefit of the fraternity. If the older heads take up the cue, I may have a few little items on the intelligence of the dog, and the cunning of the bird. Our sportsmen are few, but of pot-hunters we have plenty.

The few good shots, and true sportsmen here have several as fine dogs as can be found anywhere among country sportsmen. Mr. A. G. C. has two very fine pups, one a red Irish, the other a pointer, out of Mitts, by Rugely (Sensation—Rose); Mitts, by Bow, out of Topsey. This pup is a wonder, a natural pointer at the age of five months. The first time he was ever in the field, and without even a particle of yard-education, he pointed and backed staunchly, and I never saw a field trial winner beat his ground more evenly or prettier, though of course great speed could not be expected of one so young.

The Irish dog I bought for Mr. C., and from a preacher too, who, in reply to my question, is he a red Irish setter, says: "The pup's dam is a pure all red Irish, her owner is a red-headed priest; the sire is my red Irish dog Dash (purchased from J. Palmer O'Neil, of Pittsburgh), and I am a red-headed Presbyterian preacher—don't you think the pup should be red?" Well, I thought he ought, and sent for him, and he is immense. Mr. Eli C. has a liver-colored native setter, which the boys dub a spaniel, but he is well-trained, a fine field dog, and Eli is satisfied with him, even if he is a spaniel.

G. B. purchased a pair (dog and bitch) of pointers from W. D. Bo. d. of Richmond, Va., out of Bliss (Sherwood's Dream—Wadell's Ben), by Croxteth (Macdonald's Jane—Lewie's Young Bang). He has sold the dog to Mr. Alex. C., and keeps the bitch. Both pups are liver and white, beautifully ticked, and will stand anything from a small bird up to a Shanghai rooster. They will make their mark high up, at some future day.

Next and last, but not least, is G. N. B.'s belton setter dog Clipper, out of Nellie (imported Nettie—imported Trap) by De-

moth's Dash (now Blue Dash), (Pride of the Border—Dora). Clipper is the finest broken dog in our part of the country, drops to wing and shot, has fine nose, ranges beautifully, retrieves well, and is swift as the wind, besides being very handsome.

I fear the severity of the weather has made sad havoc among the quails, as in places whole coveys have perished; in others farmers are feeding them, and thus preserving them. Hawks are numerous and bold.

We have a fine country for game, but we need a protective association. How I wish you could be here for one short hour, to show the boys the necessity of an association, for I have exhausted my powers of argument and persuasion, and still the birds they all love to follow, go unprotected. More anon.

LOYAL HANNAH.

Laverack Setters.

Mr. John R. Robinson, Mr. Laverack's friend and successor, replies to Mr. Vero Shaw, in an English contemporary, as follows:

"I am afraid that your (Mr. Vero Shaw's) remarks on the Laverack, as to their supposed delicacy, etc., etc., crossing is calculated to create an unfavorable impression of the breed. First, I may tell you that there is no Naworth Castle blood in them, although Mr. Laverack did cross with that blood as an experiment, as he did also with several other strains; but none were satisfactory (with one exception), so that he did not perpetuate the crosses. I may add that about 1871-72, he tried a cross with one of his best bitches. One of the litter was a very handsome black dog, which he offered to me, but, like himself, I abominate a cross-bred animal, no matter how handsome. The black was sold or given to a brother of Edward Armstrong. The Armstrongs believe that a dash of the Naworth Castle is in the Laverack. Quite a mistake. The only cross Mr. L. retained in his breed was the Edmund Castle. It is now nearly forty years ago, and at that time this strain was as pure and as good as his own, and the dog he crossed with was a wonderful performer, medium size, and splendidly formed; color, liver and white, and this is where the latter color comes from. Both the dam and the sire are mentioned in his book ('The Setter'), but not as being a cross. It was one of poor Laverack's secrets. Rothwell was an old and esteemed friend of Mr. L's, and the puppies he bred were out of a pure bitch by Blue Prince, so that they were Laverack's own blood. Two of the nine that died, died here in my possession—Eclipse and Dash (the former a present to me for a show dog). They unfortunately had distemper before sent to me, and all I could do I could not save them, although I kept them alive much longer than those at Whitechurch. His dogs got the infection in transit from his shooting in Scotland, being shut up in one of those abominable dens called dog-boxes. Prince and Cora were so bad with mange that he had to send them to White, the vet., to have them cured. As to there being a 'fatality' about the place, well, in my opinion he was right; and the cause was two large stagnant ponds, one adjoining the kennel on the north, and the other south of the house, into which the drainage flowed; and the dogs made use of the pond. Besides, the sleeping berths were paved, which caused them to be very offensive. The yard was laid with a sort of earthenware flag, and properly drained, right enough. The situation is a beautiful one, but the sanitary arrangements were bad for the dogs.

"I reared five here in the midst of a large town—three my own. Daisy is one, dam of Emperor Fred; La Reine is another, and her brother Rock; also Victor, now in London, and Ruby, which I sold to L. R. Price. She was resold to Hemming, and she was sold at his sale.

"Just a word about Blue Prince II. I have Mr. Laverack's authority for declaring that he was not by his Blue Prince, nor out of his Cora. This affair, I can assure you, embittered my old friend's last moments in a way that shocked me, but he felt the matter very strongly. Well, too, I have the authority of Messrs. Lort and Walker for stating that he was got by a dog (not a Laverack) that Mr. Lort sent to New Zealand; and Fiance, the dam of Novel, is not a pure Laverack. Novel shows her cross-breeding in her bad head and nasty light eyes. As to big leggy animals, Mr. Laverack detested them.

"My object is not to detract the dogs I have named, but simply, as the late Edward Laverack's representative, to protest against them being called Laveracks; for no dog is entitled to be so unless descended from the pure strain on both sides."

A Visit to Rob Roy Kennel.

TECUMSEH, MICH.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—A short time since business called me to Hillsdale, Mich., the home of Arnold Burges; and of course I found time to visit the Rob Roy Kennel, and pay my respects to its inmates.

The first dog produced for my inspection was Druid, the hero of many a hard-fought campaign in the field and on the bench. He was in fine condition; and is, as all who have seen him, know, a grand, good one, whose stock reflects luster upon him as a sire; especially is this true of Lizzie Lee.

There, too, was Nilsson, who next greeted my admiring gaze. She is well worthy to be the sister of champion Queen Mab, and the matron of Mr. Burges' establishment.

Number three is Queen Dido, Druid ex-Nilsson, a rather small white and lemon bitch, but full of points indicative of her ability to do a rattling day's work in the field. Dido is said to possess a remarkably fine nose, and to be a merry worker in the field.

Of Mr. Burges' recent importation, Dashing Berwyn, I scarcely know what to say. Words of mine can never do him justice. He is certainly a grand and noble specimen of his kind, and I shall be sadly disappointed if he does not capture the blue ribbon when placed upon the bench, no matter how good his company may be. He is fully capable of holding a position in the front rank of setters in America, and Mr. Burges is to be congratulated upon the possession of such a dog. Handsome, stylish and perfectly made, he cannot fail to prove a great acquisition to the setter breeders of this country. In shape and style of carriage he closely resembles the portrait of Dan, which, thanks to the enterprise of the CHICAGO FIELD, appeared with your New-Year number.

Among the visitors to the kennel were those highly bred bitches Pocahontas, Patty and Maud.

Mr. Burges has been very fortunate in his selection of a location for his kennel, and everything connected with it is noticeable for the perfect cleanliness that prevails.

Three beautiful Druid ex-Nilsson puppies were brought into the cosy library for my inspection, one of which will have a home with me as soon as old enough to be removed.

After a pleasant chat with the proprietor, I bade good-by to the Rob Roy Kennel, feeling that the time had passed only too rapidly, and that I should repeat my visit upon the first opportunity.

REZARF.

REX.—Mr. James Lindsay, Elizabeth, N. J., offers the services, in an advertisement, of the imported Scotch collie Rex in the stud. Rex is bred from champion stock, and was himself a winner of first prize, New York, 1880.

The Dogs of Milwaukee.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have just returned from a delightful trip to Milwaukee, where I was shown a great deal of courtesy, and must give the sporting gentlemen by whom I was so hospitably received, my hearty thanks for their kindly attention during my sojourn there. I was invited to spend the afternoon with the well-known sportsman, Dr. G. A. Stark, and had a very enjoyable time. After dinner I was shown his fine kennel of setters, among which are Lady of the Lake, Dolly Varden and two beautiful puppies, six months old, which he has named Nimble and Cute. I also had the pleasure of seeing Mr. J. D. Oleott's celebrated Irish water spaniels, consisting of Berney, Mike, Bridget, and Lady, which are so well known it will be unnecessary for me to describe them; suffice it to say they are in fine condition. I also saw the kennel of Mr. Gardner, which is called the Milwaukee Irish Water Spaniel Kennel. Mr. Gardner may well be proud of his dogs, for they are as fine a lot as I ever saw; among them are Irish Nell, by Patsey, out of Jip, imported bitch, whelped February 13, 1878; Bruno, Biddy, and Gipse, bitches, and Blarney and Mike dogs, whelped June 5, 1879, out of Irish Nell, by Whitman's Bob, he by Sinbad ex-Bridget; also Owenstow, Belfast, Judy II, and Molly, bitches, and Kilarney and Limerick, dogs, by Champion Barney, out of Irish Nell, whelped June 6, 1880. I must not forget to mention the Kinickinick Gun Club. I was invited to participate in their regular shoot at pigeons, which I accepted and enjoyed it hugely. They are a fine lot of gentlemen, and are excellent shots. My visit to the Cream City will long be remembered by me with pleasure.

DARBY.

TO PREVENT PUPPIES FROM FREEZING.—Boston, Mass.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I notice a number of your correspondents have, during this severe winter, lost puppies by freezing, and I offer a few suggestions for benefit in the future. Before your bitch is ready to whelp, procure a roomy box, say three feet square, and high enough for the bitch to stand upright inside. Cut a hole in one end the same as in a kennel, or make a regular kennel box. Hang a piece of old carpet or thick cloth from the top of entrance, so that it will come within two or three inches of the bottom, and when the bitch passes in or out the cloth will fall to its place again. Line the four sides of the box with thick heavy paper, tacked on instead of pasted, and fix a cover to the box which you can lift off, but don't line it. Arrange the cover with a view to some ventilation, not too much, a very little will do. Line the floor of the box with thick paper or old bagging, tacking the ends so she cannot scratch it up, and cover with fine hay or straw, perfectly clean and dry. When the bitch whelps, confined as she will be, sufficient heat will exist to keep her body at a good moderate temperature, and with the puppies confined in the nest she will make, sufficient to keep them from freezing. Regulate according to the weather, by covering the entrance and top of the box with old bagging or cloth, confining the heat, in cold, and letting it pass off in warm weather. As soon as the bitch has finished whelping, and got the litter nicely together, you should equalize the air by opening the cover to let the steam pass off, and while doing this, keep the mother and puppies warm by covering them with a heavy blanket or soft cloth, keeping them very warm at first, and by degrees reducing the temperature, at the same time giving the mother about a pint mixture of warm water, containing two table-spoons full of molasses, and one of gin. By thus attending to them, you will, in two or three hours, have all in a good natural state, and by opening or closing your box, according to the weather, both mother and puppies will get along nicely, and you will be more than repaid for your trouble. You should give the mother a dose of oil on second or third day to clear her out.

QUACK.

THE BENCH LEGGED BEAGLE.—Baltimore, Md.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Please allow me space in your paper to say a few words on the Beagle subject. I notice in the CHICAGO FIELD of January 29, in report of Pittsburgh show, a statement that quite a number of the entries of beagles from Maryland were of the variety known as Bench Leg Beagles. I have seen all the principal beagles of Maryland (and owned a few myself) as far back as 1862, and I never saw, out of many, a single bench legged one. You also state that they can be found in England as a separate and distinct type. I have looked carefully over the pages of Stonehenge and Idstone, but find no such type mentioned. Stonehenge says, on page 131: "The points of the beagle are similar to those of fox-hound except as to head and ears," and who ever saw a pack of fox-hounds with bench legs? I see the *Forest and Stream* of January 27 states that a Dr. Maddux and Gen. Bond of Maryland, owned some, and probably these gentlemen can enlighten the owners of beagles on this wonderful type, as I see they were successful in having a new class formed for them at Pittsburgh. Might it not be possible that these gentlemen have crossed our little straight leg beagle with the Dachs-hunds? Gentlemen, please let us know how you can breed such a deformed dog, and who with them. I am sure the breeders of beagles in Maryland for years back never saw such dogs, and I know a man sixty-five years old who I think owned the first beagles in this state, and he never saw or owned beagles with bench legs, and he thinks such dogs not worthy the name of beagle.

BEAGLE.

A CURE FOR CANKER.—Henderson, Ky.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Some weeks since I wrote you giving description of a case of canker of four years' standing, and asking what treatment I should use. During the time I was awaiting your answer I used the following treatment, and am pleased to inform you that after thirty days' use, once a day, the dog is entirely well. I have done nothing for him for the last two weeks; there are not any signs of the disease remaining. The first week I washed the dog's ears with warm water and castile soap, until perfectly clean, and then poured in a teaspoonful of alcoholic camphor. The second week I washed each morning as before, and in place of the camphor used the same quantity of liquor of lead, (Gaylord's extract) diluted, three parts of water to one part of lead; and the third week I washed the ears as before, and used pure alcohol—alternating each week. I think the case was as bad as I ever saw, and I was only induced to try it as the dog belonged to a particular friend who thought him beyond a cure, and I determined to try it. I will have the use of him the balance of his life for my trouble. Should any brother sportsman be benefited by this, I will feel well repaid for giving my experience.

MOLAR.

DOGS LOST.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I fear some one has stolen my two nine months old white, black and blue belton dog pups, by Dash III, ex-Cornelia; (Claymont D. and Chalkley D.) I had them in West Pikeland township, Chester Co., this state. A letter from my cousin, who has had them in charge, states he had them tied Thursday night in the barn, and on Friday morning on going to feed them, they were not there. All inquiries, as yet, have not given us any trace of them. If any of your many readers can assist me by any information or otherwise to have my lost puppies restored, I will be greatly obliged to them.

L. SHUSTER, JR.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.—New York.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Mr. Charles Lincoln is now in our office, he having just arrived in this city for the purpose of making arrangements for the coming bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which exhibition will be opened on a grand scale on the 26th of April, and continue four days. His office is at No. 138 Fulton street, where all entries must be made. Entries close April 11. This year many new champion classes will be arranged, and there will be ninety-three classes in all—champion classes for mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers, pugs, Yorkshire terriers; two classes for field spaniels and two for bull terriers, and upon the whole this promises to be a first-class exhibition in all respects. The exhibition will be held at the American Institute, Sixty-third street and Third avenue, which building, Mr. Lincoln informs me, is better adapted for the purpose than Gilmore's Garden, where the exhibition of dogs has heretofore been held.

HORACE SMITH.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.—Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—A special meeting of the Pennsylvania State Field Trial Association was held at the office of S. S. D. Thompson, Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh, on Wednesday, February 9, at 8 o'clock, President J. Palmer O'Neill in the chair. As much of the minutes as pertained to the amendment to the by-laws offered at the last meeting, making the trials open to the world, was declared in order. Quite a debate took place as to the merits and demerits of the proposed change; the following gentlemen favored it: Messrs. J. J. Snellenburg, I. R. Stayton, B. F. Wilson, Dave McK. Lloyd, S. S. D. Thompson, and one other, whose name I failed to note. Its warmest opponents were: J. W. Brown, Mr. Crawford, and four others. The amendment was lost, it having failed to receive the required two-thirds vote.

PREJUDICE.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—St. Louis, Mo.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The St. Louis Kennel Club has been unfortunate in losing all the pups of Jaunty, Lassie, and others by distemper. However, the kennels are now free from the dread disease, and every precaution taken to keep them so, and the remaining young pointers are doing very well. Zeal, Clytie and Bliss will soon add to the census of the kennel. Clytie and Bliss are in whelp to Faust. Mr. C. E. Burnham has lost his fine Gordon setter Andy by distemper. Mr. Warren Champlin and Dr. Carson left for Arkansas last Saturday evening, for a week's recreation with dog and gun. Mr. Champlin has a very promising Irish setter pup, from J. B. C. Lucas' Biddy and Erin, and he takes considerable pride in showing off her excellent training, which indeed is remarkable. It is reported that ducks are plenty only a hundred miles below here.

MCKRELL.

PATRICK.—St. Louis, Mo.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I have read the communication in your issue of the 19th inst. on the Missouri Kennel, signed "Canis." I am quite surprised that your correspondent, in giving his description of the dogs of said kennel, speaks of Scotchies and one of her pups out of the litter by Champlin Berkley, but says not a word of the finest dog out of said litter, my Patrick. I hope the party who gave your correspondent his information did not make the omission through any feelings of jealousy. Mr. S. A. Kaye knows full well that Patrick is the only living dog of that litter, and that he is one of the finest and most beautifully made dogs in the West.

CHARLES E. BICKER.

THE CALIFORNIA BENCH SHOW.—The *Pacific Life* states that the bench show proposed to be held in San Francisco is now an assured fact at an early date. Mr. D. R. McNeill, the manager of the late walk, is to conduct it. We would suggest to those interested, if they would make their show a grand success, to postpone it until Fall or Winter, and to have Mr. Chas. Lincoln as the superintendent. They would then have representatives from a large number of the crack kennels of the East. This we know, for we have often heard the subject discussed among the prominent owners of dogs.

THE DOGS OF ALEXANDRIA.—Alexandria, La.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The membership of the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club can boast of as many crack shots, and fewer thoroughbred dogs as any club in the state. There is but one thoroughbred owned in the club, a pointer dog from the kennel of Pious, "not the infallible" (quotation from Eastern field trials) but he of Loch-Invar. We will soon have some more, however, as our members are ordering from Killbuck, and other kennels, and by next season we will be shooting over blue bloods and beltons. Doc.

MR. SNELLENBURG'S KENNEL.—Among our kennel advertisements will be found that of Mr. Snellenburg, offering for sale the larger portion of his kennel, and a pair of Greener guns. Mr. Snellenburg leaves for Europe the early part of May, hence the reason for disposing of the dogs he offers for sale, which have distinguished themselves on the bench and in the field. It is an excellent opportunity to obtain a good dog.

ROYAL BLUE.—Mr. A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass., in an advertisement offers the services of the Llewellyn setter dog Royal Blue in the stud. A fine combination of blood is thus offered breeders, as he is by champion Gladstone, out of Mersey; a sister of Paris.

FAUST AND BOW.—The St. Louis Kennel Club have again placed their well-known brace of pointers, Faust and Bow, in the stud.

MR. GEORGE C. MILNER, Columbia, Tenn., offers in a kennel advertisement several well bred dogs for sale.

Names Claimed.

NAMES CLAIMED, SALES, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting names claimed, sales, whelps, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in. Two of our Eastern contemporaries copy them very liberally from our columns, but we have got so accustomed to piratical raids on our columns that we bear the flitching with that equanimity that is acquired only by long time suffering. It is astonishing what one can become accustomed to.

PRIORITY OF NAME.—Marysville, Cal.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In the CHICAGO FIELD of January 23 Mr. John Murchie, Sharon, Pa., claimed the name of Macgregor for black and white setter whelped July 10, 1880. I would ask Mr. Murchie to change the name of his puppy, as I own Macgregor, a dog by Rob Roy, out of Queen Mab, whelped April 8, 1878, and the name was claimed by the breeder, Mr. Arnold Burges, Hillsdale, Mich., in the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD. My dog was also entered in the N. A. K. Club Stud Book, April 13, 1879.

IKE N. ALDRICH.

BLUE DICK.—Nelson D. Hatheway, M. D., Middleborough, Mass., claims the name of Blue Dick for white, black and tan setter dog puppy, by his Blue Dan (Dash III—Opal), out of Mr. J. J. Scanlan's black, white and tan Llewellyn setter bitch Flake (Druid—Swazey), whelped December 5, 1880.

NORTH STAR KENNEL.—Owatonna, Minn.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I claim the name of the North Star Kennel for my breeding establishment.

S. O. CUNDRY.

VAN WAG.—Mr. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va., claims the name of Van Wag for lemon and white pointer dog puppy by Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion Rush, out of champion Duchesse, whelped July 3, 1880, presented to him by Mr. Geo. Van Wagenen.

LELLE.—Mr. Jesse Williams, Chicago, Ill., claims the name of Lelle for white setter bitch puppy, with black ears and black spot on right side, by Rattler, out of Polly (Colburn's Dash—Rinck's Irish bitch), whelped August 15, 1880.

LORD LENNOX.—Mr. J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind., claims the name of Lord Lennox for black, white and tan setter dog puppy, repurchased of Don Blanchard by imported Penn, out of his Bessie Lee, whelped August 26, 1880.

HER MAJESTY.—Mr. J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind., claims the name of Her Majesty for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped August 26, 1880, by imported Penn, out of his Bessie Lee (Rake—Fanny).

LADY BELTON.—Mr. Dennis Welch, Tipton, Ia., claims the name of Lady Belton, for black and tan bitch puppy whelped August 1, 1880, by Belton, out of Lady, bred by Mr. John Bolus, Killbuck Kennel, Wooster, Ohio.

FLIGHT.—Mr. Fred A. Taft, Dedham, Mass., claims the name of Flight for black and tan Gordon bitch puppy, by Mr. E. Flagg's Jerry (imported Don—Lady), out of Nellie (imported by Massachusetts Kennel Club).

BREZZETTA.—Mr. John Bolus, Killbuck Kennels, Wooster, O., claims the name of Brezzetta for white bitch puppy, whelped November 11, 1880, with chestnut and tan spot around left eye, by Brewster, out of Breze.

REX.—Mr. Jesse Williams, Chicago, Ill., claims the name of Rex for white setter puppy with lemon spots on each ear, by Rattler out of Polly (Colburn's Dash—Rinck's Irish bitch), whelped August 15, 1880.

RUBY.—Mr. R. C. Twitty, Macon, N. C., claims the name of Ruby for Gordon setter bitch, by imported Kent (Allison's Reuben—T. H. Scott's Nellie), out of Mr. Eben Dorr's Phe (imported Don—Lady).

LEAF.—Mr. H. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Leaf for Gordon setter bitch puppy, by Malcolm (Munn's Duke—Tilley's Dream) out of Dream III (Toledo Kennel Club's Grouse—Dream II).

OAK.—Mr. H. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Oak for Gordon setter dog puppy, by Malcolm (Munn's Duke—Tilley's Dream) out of Dream III (Toledo Kennel Club's Grouse—Dream II).

FLORA TEMPLE, BUSY, ETC.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., claims the name of Flora Temple, Busy, Rush, Pearl, Diana, Juno, Daisy, Jessica, Gyp, Cleo, and Cream for pointer bitches.

FANNIE.—Mr. P. J. Conlisk, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Fannie for Yorkshire terrier bitch puppy, by Mr. Viger's imported Keeper, out of Topsey (imported Don Juan—imported Haldee).

DUKE.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duke for lemon and white pointer dog, imported from the kennel of Mr. John Hellmor, Willdon Grange, England.

LUKE.—Mr. Wm. H. Leonard, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Luke for Irish red setter dog, by Bronze (Elcho—Flounee) out of Lass (Lowrie (Don—Nellie) whelped May 1, 1880.

MAJOR.—Mr. F. L. Cook, Shorburne, N. Y., claims the name of Major for cocker spaniel dog, whelped August 22, 1879, by Holabird's Charlie, out of Beator's Ruth, by Snip, out of Fairy.

LADY RAKE.—Mr. L. H. Socwell, Indianapolis, Ind., claims the name of Lady Rake for black, white and tan bitch puppy whelped July 28, 1880, by Rake, out of Phyllis.

GARFIELD.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Garfield for lemon and white pointer dog puppy (winner of first, Pittsburgh, 1881) by his Duke, out of Nell.

COUNTRESS NELL.—Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Countress Nell for Gordon setter bitch puppy by Mr. Kerr's Boxer, out of Mr. Dryden's Fan.

STORM.—Mr. A. J. Cooper, Milwaukee, Wis., claims the name of Storm for liver colored Irish water spaniel dog puppy, eight months old, by Barney, out of Bridget.

NELL.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Nell for imported lemon and white pointer bitch, bred in England, by Rain's Major, out of Paget's Fly.

TRIM.—Mr. Ellsworth S. Smith, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Trim for Irish red setter puppy by Erin II (Erin I—Biddy) out of Hush (Berkley—imported Fan).

DUKE II.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duke II for lemon and white pointer dog (first, Pittsburgh, 1881,) by his Duke, out of Nell.

MAID OF THE MIST, ETC.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., claims the names of Maid of the Mist, Pond Lilly, and Lady of the Lake for retriever bitches.

RAYON D'OR.—Mr. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., claims the name of Rayon D'Or for pointer bitch puppy by Dilley's Ranger, out of Dolly.

CARTOUCHE.—Mr. Batley Harrison, Tilsonburg, Ontario, claims the name of Cartouche for lemon and white dog puppy by Paris, out of Belle.

JOE.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Joe for his imported pointer dog by Shorthouse's Sam, out of Dixon's Flash.

HENLOCK.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Henlock for lemon and white pointer dog puppy by his Duke, out of Nell.

RIVAL JR., ZIFF, ETC.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., claims the names of Rival Jr., Ziff, Van's Ranger and Sport, for pointer dogs.

DUBLE.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duble, for imported lemon belton setter dog by Grouse, out of Flash.

BILL, YOUNG TOM, ETC.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., claims the names of Bill, Young Tom, and Jerry H., for setter dogs.

FAN.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Fan for lemon belton setter bitch, by Bob, out of Bell.

JUNO.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Juno for Irish setter bitch, by St. Patrick, out of May.

JOE AND FRIDAY.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., claims the names of Joe and Friday for retriever dogs.

ROSE.—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Rose for pointer bitch by Duke, out of Nell.

WHITE SWAN.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., claims the name of White Swan, for setter bitch.

Sales.

SALES, NAMES CLAIMED, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting sales, names claimed, visits, whelps, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in. Two of our Eastern contemporaries copy them very liberally from our columns, but we have got so accustomed to piratical raids on our columns that we bear the flouting with that equanimity that is acquired only by long-time suffering. It is astonishing what one can become accustomed to.

YORKSHIRE TERRIER WHELP.—Mr. P. J. Conlisk, St. Louis, Mo., has bought the Yorkshire terrier bitch puppy bred by Mr. W. S. Tallman, Detroit, Mich., by Mr. Viger's imported dog Keeper, out of Topsey by imported Don Juan out of imported Haldee. Don Juan and Haldee were imported by the late Greene Smith.

GIPSEY QUEEN.—Capt. A. E. Woodson, U. S. A., Fort Laramie, Wyoming Ter., has bought of Mr. C. Z. Miley, Lancaster, Pa., the Llewellyn setter bitch Gipsy Queen, by champion Gladstone, out of Clip (Lefcoster—Dart). She is in whelp to Count Royal (Druid—Leda).

DOT.—Mr. S. W. Paul, St. Louis, Mo., has bought of Mr. John W. Harries, Dayton, Ohio, the three-year old Irish setter bitch Dot, by Stoddard's Bob, out of champion Duck. Dot is a litter sister to Boston, Bragg, Jennelle's Dell, Graham's Dance, and other good ones.

BREWSTER—BREEZE WHELP.—Mr. John Bolus, Killbuck Kennel, Wooster, Ohio, has sold to Mr. W. K. Kenan, Union Springs, Ala., a white dog puppy with chestnut and tan spots around both eyes, whelped November 11, 1880, by Brewster, out of Breze.

PRESENTED.—Mr. Geo. Van Wagenen, owner of Champion Duchesse, has presented to Mr. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va., a pointer dog puppy, by Mr. Edmund Orgill's Champion Rush, out of Champion Duchesse, color, lemon and white, whelped July 3, 1880.

SCOTT.—Mr. W. S. Forbes, Richmond, Va., has bought of Mr. W. L. Boyd, Richmond, Va., the pointer dog puppy Scott, by Croxteth, out of Biles, whelped June 21, 1880. Mr. Boyd will retain for his own use the bitches Conit and Vesta.

PRESENTED.—Mr. Fred A. Taft, Dedham, Mass., has presented to Mr. R. C. Twitty, Macon, N. C., a Gordon setter bitch by imported Kent (Allison's Reuben—T. H. Scott's Nellie) out of Eben Dorr's Phe (imported Don—Lady).

LAKE.—Mr. John W. Harries, Dayton, Ohio, has bought of Mr. S. W. Paul, St. Louis, Mo., the lemon and white pointer bitch Lake, by champion Sleaford, out of Dawn (Bow—Munson's Queen) whelped April 8, 1880.

BOOM.—Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Clinton, Iowa, has bought of Mr. S. W. Paul, St. Louis, Mo., the liver and white ticked pointer dog Boom, by champion Sleaford, out of Dawn (Bow—Munson's Queen) whelped April 8, 1880.

ROYAL BLUE—DRYAD WHELPS.—Mr. J. W. Kittredge, Ayer, Mass., has sold to Charles A. Packard, M. D., Bath, Me., two handsome puppies, by Royal Blue (Gladstone—Mersey) out of Dryad (Druid—Nileson).

PET LAYERACK.—Mr. J. B. Reno, New Brighton, Pa., has sold to Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, same place, the pure Laverack bitch Pet Laverack, by Thunder, out of Peercas. She will be entered in the N. A. K. C. Derby.

ROSS.—Mr. Joseph S. Haack, St. Paul, Minn., has bought of Mr. Charles Bornarth, Shakopee, Minn., the liver and setter dog Ross by Lakin's Ned, out of Dunham's Jesse, bred by Mr. P. Durham, Leeds, Mass.

ROYAL BEN.—Captain A. E. Woodson, U. S. A., Fort Laramie, Wyoming Ter., has bought of Mr. C. Z. Miley, Lancaster, Pa., for a friend, the setter dog Royal Ben by Carlowitz, out of Lucy.

RAP AND PEG.—Mr. Geo. W. Beckwith, Latrobe, Pa., has bought of Mr. W. L. Boyd, Richmond, Va., the pointer puppies Rap and Peg, dog and bitch, by Croxteth, out of Biles, whelped June 21, 1880.

PRESENTED.—Mr. C. Hawker Lucas, Baltimore, Md., has presented to Mr. Wm. H. Leonard, the Irish red setter dog Luke, out of Lass O'Lowrie (Don—Nellie) by Bronze (Elcho—Flounee).

DUKE OF BEAUFORT.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., has sold to Mr. J. H. Goodell, New York City, the English setter dog Duke of Beaufort, by Pride of the Border, out of Fairy II.

MAZEPPA.—Mr. W. F. Todd, Portland, Me., has bought of Messrs. Snellenburg & McConnell, New Brighton, Pa., the liver and white pointer bitch Mazeppa, by Button, out of Fan.

ROBIN HOOD.—Mr. C. Z. Miley, Lancaster, Pa., has sold to Captain A. E. Woodson, U. S. A., Fort Laramie, Wyoming Ter., the setter dog Robin Hood by Carlowitz, out of True.

DRUID—JOLLY MAY WHELP.—Mr. H. G. McMillan, Washington, Ia., has sold to Mr. H. J. Rice, Orchard Lake, Mich., a black and white bitch puppy by Druid, out of Jolly May.

DRUID—JOLLY MAY WHELP.—Mr. H. G. McMillan, Washington, Ia., has sold to Mr. J. M. Hunter, Pittsburgh, Pa., a black and white bitch puppy by Druid, out of Jolly May.

SAM SLICK.—Mr. W. L. Boyd, Richmond, Va., has sold to Mr. R. W. Shaw, Galveston, Texas, the pointer puppy Sam Slick, by Croxteth, out of Biles, whelped June 21, 1880.

TRUE BLUE.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., has bought of Mr. E. Kueli, Moline, Ill., the black, white and tan Llewellyn setter bitch True Blue, by Rake, out of Phyllis.

MINNIE.—Mr. G. Percy Hawes, Richmond, Va., has bought of Mr. W. L. Boyd, Richmond, Va., the pointer bitch puppy Minnie, by Croxteth, out of Biles, whelped June 21, 1880.

DRUID—JOLLY MAY WHELP.—Mr. H. G. McMillan, Washington, Ia., has sold to Mr. E. J. Stark, Detroit, Mich., a black, white and tan bitch puppy by Druid out of Jolly May.

PRESENTED.—Mr. T. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill., has presented to Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., the pointer bitch Queen Hamlet, by Sleaford, out of Waddell's Fan.

LOU.—Mr. Wray T. Knight, Richmond, Va., has bought of Mr. W. L. Boyd, Richmond, Va., the pointer bitch puppy Lou, by Croxteth, out of Biles, whelped June 21, 1880.

VICTORY.—Mr. C. E. Norbeck, La Crosse, Wis., has bought of Mr. F. Harris, the Llewellyn setter bitch Victory, by Blue Prince, out of Jolly May (Rob Roy—Pocahontas).

ZARAH.—Mr. J. A. Heather, Huntsville, Mo., has sold to Mr. A. C. Waddell, Topeka, Kansas, the setter bitch Zarah, by Druid, out of Cubas.

GLENELLA.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., has bought of the Elgin Kennel Club the Llewellyn setter bitch Glenella, by Rock, out of Kirby.

FLORA TEMPLE.—Mr. S. O. Cundy, Owatonna, Minn., has sold to Colonel C. L. Hunt, St. Louis, Mo., the imported pointer bitch Flora Temple.

BETSEY.—Mr. William Rust, Chicago, Ill., has sold to Mr. John Callahan, Milwaukee, Wis., the black and tan terrier bitch Betsey.

PRESENTED.—Mr. S. A. Socwell, Indianapolis, Ind., has presented to Mr. Gus Craft, same city, the Irish red setter dog Major.

Visits.

VISITS, WHELPS, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting visits, whelps, names claimed, sales, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in. Two of our Eastern contemporaries copy them very liberally from our columns, but we have got so accustomed to piratical raids on our columns that we bear the flouting with that equanimity that is acquired only by long-time suffering. It is astonishing what one can become accustomed to.

GIPSEY—JACK.—Mr. William Russell's blue mottled setter bitch Gipsy (Bob—Uno) on January 3, to Mr. Abraham Bigelow's Jack (Flounee—Zip).

PEEP O'DAY—COUNT NOBLE.—Mr. D. Bryson's Peep O'Day (Gladstone—Clip) to Mr. D. C. Sauborn's American Derby winner Count Noble.

BESS—THUNDER.—Mr. J. S. Margerum's setter bitch Bess (Belton—Nellie) to Mr. J. J. Snellenburg's pure Laverack Thunder.

BLISS—SAM.—Mr. W. L. Boyd's pointer bitch Bliss (Ben—Dream) to Mr. T. F. Taylor's Sam (Sensation—Lady Frances).

QUEEN HAMLET—RIVAL JR.—Mr. S. O. Cundy's pointer bitch Queen Hamlet (Sleaford—Waddell's Fan) to his Rival Jr.

BONNIE—BELTON.—Mr. John Bolus' black and tan setter bitch Bonnie (Grouse—Jessie) on February 21, to Belton.

PERT—DICK.—Mr. Tom Warwood's Irish red setter bitch Pert to his black, white and tan Gordon setter dog Dick.

FANNIE—TIGER.—Mr. Geo. H. Bigelow's foxhound bitch Fannie on February 4, to Mr. E. B. Bigelow's Tig.

POXY—PONTO.—Messrs. C. B. Cummings & Sons fox-terrier bitch Foxey to Dr. Allen's fox-terrier Ponto.

BELLE—GLADSTONE.—Mr. L. D. Ramsey's setter bitch Belle (Carlowitz—True) to champion Gladstone.

SNOW—BELTON.—Mr. Frank E. Rogers' lemon and white native bitch Snow (Bismarck) to Belton.

FANNIE—FULLER.—Mr. Henry Ramsdell's beagle bitch Fannie on January 26, to his Fuller.

FLORA—SNIFE.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Breeding Kennel's Flora to their Snipe.

IDOL—SNIFE.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Breeding Kennel's Idol to their Snipe.

GYP—DRUID.—Mr. L. P. Hanner's setter bitch Gyp to Mr. Arnold Burges' Druid.

LEILA—GLADSTONE.—Captain J. W. Foster's Lela to champion Gladstone.

Deaths.

DEATHS, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting deaths, sales, names claimed, visits, whelps; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in. Two of our Eastern contemporaries copy them very liberally from our columns, but we have got so accustomed to piratical raids on our columns that we bear the flouting with that equanimity that is acquired only by long-time suffering. It is astonishing what one can become accustomed to.

DEATH OF BELLE.—Dr. M. W. Sherwood's (Chicago, Ill.) red setter bitch Belle has died at the advanced age of fifteen years. She was the dam of a very numerous and celebrated progeny scattered all over the Northwest. Three of her puppies were purchased at large figures by the Jaffreys, of New York; and her very last puppy, and the only one of the litter, is now owned by Mr. William Lind, of Chicago, and last season was best dog in a kennel of thirty-two, including some blue-bloods at his shooting lodge in Minnesota. It is to be regretted that her pedigree was unknown. Dr. Sherwood thinks she was not of red Irish extraction, but more probably of the Laverack strain. He bought her when three years old from a gentleman who got her in Madison, Wis., where she was raised. Of late years, owing to extreme tendency to fatness, she was quarantined in the country with a farmer near Tiskilwa, Ill. Peace to her ashes.

RHOEBE II.—Corinth, Miss.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I have lost by death the setter bitch Rhoebe II. This makes four Llewellyns I have lost. I will have to build a hecatomb, catacomb, mausoleum, or something of the kind to hold them all. Rhoebe II was a grand field dog; staunch, fast and stylish. She died of a well-marked attack of pneumonia. We nursed her to the last, and gave her appropriate treatment, but it failed to relieve her.

BLUE DASH—BELLE.—Mr. J. S. Smith, Rockford, Ill., has lost by death the fine Laverack bitch puppy, five months old, by Blue Dash out of Dr. W. H. Mills' Belle.

DAN.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—The poison fiend disposed of my beautiful greyhound dog Dan on February 11.

CLING.—Mr. J. F. Stampfer, Dubuque, Ia., has lost by death the black, white and tan Llewellyn setter bitch Cling, by Druid, of Eclipse.

Whelps.

WHELPS, SALES, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting whelps, sales, names claimed, visits, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in. Two of our Eastern contemporaries copy them very liberally from our columns, but we have got so accustomed to piratical raids on our columns that we bear the flouting with that equanimity that is acquired only by long-time suffering. It is astonishing what one can become accustomed to.

FRECKLE.—Mr. C. E. Norbeck's English beagle bitch Freckle (imp. Trumpeter—imp. Faithful) whelped February 17, eight—four dogs and four bitches by his English beagle dog Barber (imp. Brilliant—imp. Equity).

FLO.—Mr. T. D. Adams' Nursery Kennels, imported cocker spaniel bitch Flo, whelped February 13, seven—five dogs and two bitches by Bob. Color, dark liver and white.

TRIX.—Mr. Geo. H. Bigelow's cocker spaniel bitch Trix (Grip—Cute), whelped February 6, three—one dog and two bitches by Mr. Charles Allen's imported Spider.

NELL.—Mr. John Fawcett's lemon and white pointer bitch Nell, whelped February 8, nine—seven dogs and two bitches, by his Duke. Color lemon and white.

FLO.—Mr. W. P. Graham's Irish red setter bitch Flo, (Don—Floss), whelped February 10, nine, seven dogs and two bitches by his Kent (Rufus II—Kitty).

JUNO.—Mr. John Fawcett's Irish setter bitch Juno, whelped February 5, seven—six dogs and one bitch, by his Dick. Color all red.

The Horse.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Some of our owners of fast trotting stock have had a good time at Point Breeze Park during the week. Last Thursday a number of them assembled to have a sleighing bout around the track, which was in excellent condition. Five horses were entered to trot for a handsome whip, which was won by Louis L. Jenkins' Frank; time, 3:20. Six horses were entered for the second trot, which was won by horses that had not trotted inside of 3:15, but the best time was made by Lloyd Hunt's Robert Lee; time, 3:35. Mr. Samuel Wilson, who has long been noted for his fine stock of horses, will dispose of six of them at public sale on the 12th of February. The list comprises Fleet Medium (record 2:15); Phoebe (record 2:30); Trafalgar Chief, Exhibition, Mistake, and Prince Trafalgar.

PERCHERONS.—Baltimore, Md.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Mr. Wm. T. Walters, of Baltimore, has imported from Perche, France, (over steamer France) for his stock farm in Baltimore county, Md., twenty head of percheron horses, seven stallions and thirteen mares. Mr. Walters has imported these animals for breeding purposes, having already ten head on his place, some of them having taken prizes at all the agricultural shows in the state. Good specimens of the breed are becoming scarce, by reason of the large numbers exported from Perche to other parts of Europe, especially Russia. Mr. Walters' aim is to perpetuate in this section this breed of animals, pronounced to be the noblest heavy horse known.

A HANDY BOOK.—Messrs. J. L. Thornton & Co., will shortly issue an alphabetical list of all 2:30 trotters and pacers, compiled at the office of Wallace's Monthly, with other matters of value to horsemen. This little book will also be handsomely illustrated with pictures of Mand S., St. Julien, and Volunteer, by Kittredge. As a handy book of reference it will be invaluable, and worth far more than the modest price—fifteen cents. Messrs. J. L. Thornton & Co., 433 Eighth Ave., N. Y., publishers.

STUD NEWS.—THE MEADOWS—Carlinville, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—On February 18, at Battle Bay, by imp. Australian, dam Belle Ward, by Lexington, dropped a fine bay colt, by Hyder Ali, son of imp. Lexington and Lady Duke, by Lexington.

RINDERS.—Those who desire to preserve their copies of the Chicago Field, can be supplied by us with Emerson's patent binders. Price, in paper, \$1.45; cloth, \$1.50; leather and cloth, \$1.75.

THE CHICAGO FIELD, \$4 a year; \$2 for six months; \$1 for three months. Three copies one year, \$9.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

THE PROPOSED GAME LAW OF WISCONSIN.—The Hon. Mr. Delaney has introduced a bill in the Wisconsin senate to amend, revise and codify the game laws of that state. The taking of deer in any manner is prohibited between December 15 and August 25 succeeding. The close season on woodcocks extends from December 15 to July 10; on ruffed grouse, partridges, wild ducks and snipes from December 15 to August 25. Prohibits the killing of quails, prairie chickens and sharp tail grouse for three years. Prohibits the taking or molestation of wild pigeons and insectivorous birds at all times; also the taking of deer by means of traps, etc.; the taking of any game bird or wild fowl by trapping or ensnaring, and confines all shooting to such gun as can be held at arm's length, and fired from the shoulder. It prohibits the selling or having in possession of game birds and wild fowl during the close season, and the shipping of the same and deer out of the state. It makes it unlawful to hunt upon the lands of another without his consent, and authorizes the Governor, upon the recommendation of the Wisconsin Fish Commission, or the Wisconsin association for the protection of game, to appoint fish and game wardens, not to exceed one to each county, with same powers and compensation in fees as received by sheriffs and constables. All fines to go, one-half to complainant, and remainder to common school fund.

THE PROPOSED GAME AND FISH LAW OF TEXAS.—A bill for the protection of fish and game in the State of Texas has been introduced into the legislature by the Hon. Mr. Perrenot. Its provisions may be summarized as follows: Prohibits all fishing or seining, except with hook and line, between February 1 and July 1, and limits the size of the mesh to not less than two and one-half inches square. Makes it a misdemeanor to fish in private waters used for the propagation of fish for the term of eight years, and penalizes the taking of fish at any time by use of poisonous substances. Declares it unlawful to take wild deer between December 1 and January 1 of each year. Prohibits the killing of the wild turkey between May 15 and September 1; prairie chickens between March 1 and August 1; and quails or partridges between March 1 and September 1 of each year. Prohibits entirely the netting of partridges, and makes the possession of venison over ten days after the open season closes, evidence of violation of the law.

STRIPED BASS.—The illustrated article in *Scribner* for March, is from the pen of Francis Endicott, lithographer, from whose house emanated the remarkably well-executed plates which illustrated DeKay's great work on the fishes of New York in 1846. The public is fortunate when such capable men as Mr. Endicott can be induced to unload some of their life-long accumulations of piscatory knowledge, and should appreciate the benefits conferred. There is no person more deft with rod, line, pen, or brush, in the treatment and proper handling of fish of all varieties, from Maine to Florida, than Mr. Endicott. The article treats of the favorite resorts for bass fishing along the eastern coast, with some sketches of the famous club houses and fishing stands, and transcripts of weights of fish taken by "high hook," almost too large for belief. Such fish are caught only with bated breath.

THE GUN AND HOW TO USE IT.—We are in receipt of a copy of "The Gun and How to Use It," by Mr. Gwynne Price, the well-known trap and field shot of St. Louis. A careful perusal will convince the reader that it is both interesting and instructive. Its author has been familiar with the handling of guns since his boyhood, and this little work, full of practical suggestions cannot but prove useful to all who follow the author's directions in learning how to shoot. While the book is modest in its appearance, it possesses genuine merit. The very cheap price, twenty-five cents, at which it is sold, places it within the reach of all, and truly neither tyro nor expert should be without it in his library. It can be obtained of the author by addressing him at St. Louis.

MR. BERNARD WATERS.—The management of the St. Louis Kennel Club's kennel has passed into the hands of Mr. Bernard Waters. Mr. Waters takes the position well recommended, after a successful engagement with Mr. C. B. Whitford, under whose hands his natural talent for such a position has been materially developed. We are pleased to notice in their advertisement that the club have reduced the stud fee of their stud pointers, Bow and Faust, placing them within the reach of many who could not stand their former almost prohibitory terms.

COMMUNICATIONS.—It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of several interesting communications which will appear as rapidly as we can make room for them. We hope our correspondents, contributors and readers will keep us well supplied in communications, for it is the material which makes a paper. All items are appreciated. When the opportunity does not afford a long article, send us, if only two or three lines on the condition of the game, and the facilities the locality affords for shooting and fishing.

SALMON HATCHERY DESTROYED.—The salmon hatchery belonging to the general government, established by the United States Fish Commission at Baird, Cal., was totally destroyed during the recent storm. This hatching establishment was very complete, and cost about \$25,000. Congress will be asked for an appropriation to rebuild it at once.

BOUNTY ON HAWKS.—The Hon. Mr. Greiner has introduced in the Ohio legislature a bill providing for a bounty of fifty cents, to be paid by the clerk of each township out of the surplus dog tax fund, for the killing of each hawk. The head of the hawk must be produced, and delivered to such clerk as evidence upon which bounty will be paid.

PERSONAL.—Mr. S. A. Tucker, left Chicago for San Francisco, last Thursday. On his way he will visit many of the intermediate cities. . . . Mr. Horace Slesby was in Chicago last week.

OUR CANADA AGENT.—Mr. T. G. Davey, London, Ont., is our agent for Canada, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and to contract for advertisements for the CHICAGO FIELD.

Game and Shooting.

Fixtures.

Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, St. Louis, May 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.
Louisville, Ky., Sportsmen's Association, Louisville, May 30, 31, June 1, 2, 3 and 4.
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Lincoln, May —
Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, Meadville, June 7.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, June 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Cedar Rapids, June 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18.
Texas State Sportsmen's Association, Galveston, —
Alabama State Sportsmen's Association, Montgomery, —
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Coney Island, June —
The Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Topeka.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, at call of the president.

Quail and Snipe Shooting in California.

GILROY, CAL.
EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—With the exception of that interesting and excellent writer, Mr. Van Dyke, your correspondence from California appears to be limited. Not that we do not take and delight in the CHICAGO FIELD, its varied and valuable sporting information, its variety of talented correspondents, its numerous advertisements, by means of which the sportsman can supply himself with everything needed for a complete outfit, from a Holabird shooting suit and hammerless gun, to a cocker spaniel or blue blood setter or pointer, of breeding as fine and pure as any that the aristocrats of the Old World can obtain.

In the vicinity of Gilroy, a town ninety miles from San Francisco, on the S. P. R. R., of some 1,000 inhabitants, we have the finest snipe ground in this state. Some twenty-five years ago, when the writer first settled here, one could walk for three days on good snipe ground and not go over the same ground twice, most of it unfenced and free as air to shoot over; now, it is mostly inclosed, and shooting to be had only on application to the owners, who, however, never refuse a true sportsman, but are opposed to market hunters and thoughtless gunners, who are apt to send a few stray shot into a valuable cove. We have also good quail shooting in all the hills adjoining; also, a good-sized lake where ducks and geese congregate in considerable numbers; consequently, we have sportsmen and gunners without number. I make a distinction between sportsmen and gunners. By sportsmen, I mean those who hunt over well-broken dogs, shoot entirely on the wing, and confine themselves to quails and snipes. By gunners, I mean those who make up a good-sized party, and go to the lake and camp out, well provided with everything calculated to add to man's material enjoyment, to have a good time generally, bang away at everything that takes wing, from a mud-ben to a goose, hunters, who are not particular as to distance nor the object fired at, constituting a kind of gunning picnic, where sociability and much fun prevail, and with a friendly and good tempered rivalry—happy is the man or boy who makes the biggest bag.

Before I proceed further, I must compliment you upon your New Year's number of the CHICAGO FIELD. It is really splendid. Mr. Whitford's description of the prairie chicken shooting of Minnesota, and the trials and experiences of their party, is very good, while Mr. Tracy's illustrations are incomparable. I only regret I was not one of the party.

Our California sportsmen are having fine shooting this year, and are taking of getting up a bench show, and holding field trials next Fall, as they want to know who has the best dogs.

By particular request of our sportsmen I sent a pressing invitation to my friend Mr. Tristram Burges of San Francisco, to spend New Year's with us, and bring his celebrated blue bloods champion Queen Mab and Daisy, prize winners, both at bench shows and field trials. We think that we know something of dogs, having some imported blues ourselves, and we were anxious to see two dogs that had actually gone through the critical ordeal of Eastern judges, and come out with the blue ribbon over much competition. Mr. Burges arrived by the evening train on New Year's Eve, and was welcomed—by not quite so large an assembly as greeted President Hayes and General Sherman—but with an eager deputation of our most prominent sportsmen—consisting of your humble servant as master of ceremonies, and Messrs. Briggs, Bartlett, Farmer and Holloway. We did not call upon him for a speech, nor inflict one upon him—a lesson that should not be lost upon politicians—but simply escorted him to the Southern Pacific Hotel, and did the honors in the shape of a toast—"to the first champion prize winners that had ever visited Gilroy." The evening was spent in expatiating upon the beautiful points of Mab and Daisy, discussing dog matters generally—pointing, backing, staunchness, pace and style, and much anxiety was

evinced to see the two cracks make their debut on snipes the next morning.

On New Year's Day we drove to the ranch of Mr. Pyle, himself a sportsman, who rents a large portion of the famous snipe swamp, and runs a dairy of some 300 cows of fine breed. We were received with much cordiality by Mr. Pyle and family, and after introducing the dogs to the ladies, whose interest in them was equal to our own, we entered the swamp. Before going 300 yards Queen Mab, who took the lead, came to a point—only a lark; discovering her mistake, moved on, and presently backed, a beautiful sight, equal to Dan and Nellie, in CHICAGO FIELD's last Christmas number. Mr. Burges walked up, flushed the bird, and killed, while Mab retrieved. Both dogs then felt at home; they knew what they were hunting, and did it well, Mab quartering her ground at long range, with Daisy working close; something all day, the dogs pointing and backing alternately, both retrieving well; no mouthing. They were remarkably obedient, and well-handled by Mr. Burges. After a five hours' tramp, and making a good bag of snipes—I decline to say how many, as I hate bragging—we did ample justice to Mr. Pyle's New Year's dinner. We decided to try the dogs on quails the next day, and were kindly furnished by our host with a letter of introduction to his father, living on the hills, a few miles distant, where quails were plentiful. But all sportsmen have their mishaps, and "thereby hangs a tale." Our visitor and myself drove out next morning to avail ourselves of Mr. Pyle Sr.'s hospitality. On the road we had to pass a noted snipe ground of some ten or fifteen acres—boggy in places, with high rushes, making a fine cover for birds. We hitched the team to a fence, and the moment the dogs entered the rushes, up got several snipes and at the sound of the gun, many more rose and quickly alighted again. We saw at once that we had some fine shooting before us. I noticed my companion make a double shot, dropping both birds—I then fired, and after getting my bird, looked around for him, and lo! he was not to be seen. I called out, and heard in reply a voice like that of Caesar in the angry flood—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink." Hurrying up I found him up to his waist in a treacherous boghole, holding on to his two dogs. After getting out and a little scraping off, and a slight refresher of naglee, "all went merry as a marriage bell." The sun shone out warm, and snipes were as thick as we wanted them. About noon we cried, enough! Putting the birds in the buggy, we started on.

Of all the shooting in California, quail shooting is, to the true sportsman, the most enjoyable. After putting up a bevy, and they have taken a flight or two, they lie well to the dog, and try both man's and dog's best skill to find them. They will hide under every small bush, and allow you to walk over them, ere they will rise. A dog with fine nose, and who is used to the business, will not allow many to escape, but it is exceedingly hard work, and requires a brace of good dogs to find them successfully, besides much endurance, perseverance, and judgment on the part of the hunter. But the exercise is fine, and a man, in his eagerness after the game, goes through much more work than he contemplates at starting. He must be a good walker, in good wind, and a fine shot, to kill quails in January. They go like a bullet, at all angles, and will severely test the skill of the best trap shot. Mr. Burges proved himself equal to the occasion, killing both quails and snipes in the very finest style. We hunted quails that evening and the next morning, having very good shooting. Queen Mab and Daisy showed their wonderful and beautiful points to the best advantage. I hardly know which I liked best, Mab's brilliancy or Daisy's steadiness; certainly a more beautiful brace of dogs I never had the pleasure of shooting over. On returning to Gilroy, we took the snipe ground on our way, and found nearly as many birds as on the day before. We found our sporting friends waiting our return, and with them spent a most enjoyable and social evening, and all sincerely wished that we might have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Burges and his dogs every New Year for many years to come.

E. LEAVESLY.

Glean on Hawks and "Old Gunner."

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The sneers of an Old Gunner at the Cuvier Club, in a recent number of the CHICAGO FIELD, are very unjust and unworthy, while those of another correspondent, who speaks of "men sitting around stoves in club-rooms," are simply beneath contempt. But they serve to illustrate the ignorance and prejudice which the club has had to encounter among those who call themselves "sportsmen," as well as among the ranks of its avowed enemies.

These correspondents are not the first who have attempted to be sarcastic because the Cuvier Club has "wealthy men" among its members. It is true that there are many such in the club, and the club is proud of them as members, not because they are wealthy, but because they are public spirited as well. They have spent their time and money freely for years in the interest of game preservation, and in importing game and fish to re-stock barren streams and fields, and in rewards against wrong doers, and in premiums for right doers, and to build up one of the finest exponents of the true sporting sentiment in this or any other country; and this they have done continuously, and without murmur, and without any assistance from men of the Old Gunner class. It is also true that these "wealthy men" of the Cuvier Club do not approve of prize pigeon shooting, and do not shoot champion pigeon matches for money; and probably if the secret cause of Old Gunner's spite against the club was known, it might be found in this fact; and maybe also, if some of the money which is applied to such pursuits was not so invested, "the common gunnah who has to live in this state" would then have more "means to make extensive shooting trips," the want of which is now so much deplored.

The Cuvier Club took the trouble to solicit information as to the effect of the Winter upon the quails. If upon inquiry they had found that a prohibitory law was necessary, they would have advocated such a law. If not, not.

But I am not aware that these "common gunnahs," or "Old Gunners," or any of all that gang of gunners took the trouble to make such an inquiry, or to bother themselves as to what became of the birds, or as to what legislation was necessary for their preservation. At least, it does not publicly appear that they did. The press of the country, however, nobly seconded the efforts of the club. Voluminous correspondence resulted, and it appears that up to this time, while in many localities there has been much destruction, yet on the whole, a prohibitory law does not at present seem absolutely needed, and consequently the club will not indorse such a measure.

I notice that you are in favor of the "utter extermination of the hawks," and that it is suggested to the Cuvier Club by these same correspondents, and others, that a bounty be offered *per capita*, which suggestion you also sanction editorially.

Neither you, nor they, qualify your views in any degree, and therefore I suggest that some limitation should be established. Like many other projects, it's a very taking thing to talk about.

Undoubtedly the extermination of ground vermin and all the winged depredators, up to a certain extent, which extent should be limited by varying circumstances, is a desirable measure of

protection, which the Cuvier Club would be glad to see adopted. And undoubtedly, if such a practice had been adopted during all these Winter months, when, by reason of the snows, etc., the birds were compelled to keep in coveys, and were deprived of their usual means of escape, it would have saved many a brood.

Possibly just now there is no harm in a pretty general sweep of the robbers, but before the idea takes root that it is a good thing to do now and forever, to kill them all off at all times and all places, wherever found, and to spare none, the other side should be known.

The fact to be borne in mind is, that if extermination is carried too far, it defeats itself. There is ample authority for the statement that the grouse disease in Scotland was caused in several seasons, by too strict an extermination of the depredators.

The reason is plain. Nature always proceeds by compensation and equalization, and never suffers her laws to be infringed with impunity.

Ordinarily, it is the weak and diseased birds which first fall a prey to the captors, because of their inability to take care of themselves. It is right they should. Those slightly stronger go next, and so on, until there is literally "a survival of the fittest."

Now, if the depredators are wholly unchecked, they are liable to exterminate their victims entirely. But if, on the other hand, the depredators are themselves exterminated, the diseased birds breed disease, and as overcrowding ensues, the disease is propagated, and the birds are swept off as by a pestilence. It is only when a proper demand and supply, so to speak, is kept up, that the natural equalization is maintained.

So you see, that before the Cuvier Club embarks in the bounty business, it would require a judicious regulating, which might not in all cases be observed. There are those who, when their usual occupation of pot-hunting and prize shooting got dull, might seek to replenish their purses by unrestricted bounty money, and indiscriminate destruction, and who, while pocketing the money of the club, would at the same time chuckle over the deceit practiced upon it.

GLOAN.

A Deer Hunt in the Kaskaskia Bottomland.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

In 1853, I think, shortly after my return from the disastrous Cuban expedition under Lopez, I found myself temporarily located at Carlisle, Clinton county, Illinois.

There I met a coterie of five, true men—Judge Breese, Dick Bond, then district attorney, and a dozen more whom I cannot name just now. To pass the time I went into a course of law study under the judge and senator, and in due course passed an examination, which pronounced me a member of the bar.

But all this isn't the deer hunt, though it is preliminary. One day Dick Bond, two or three other citizens, and a couple of civil engineers, then surveying a railroad route, came to ask me to join in a hunt down the river with bounds. The day was crisp, cold and clear, the frost had turned, but not yet stripped, the bottomland of its foliage, and the trees were glorious in gold, crimson and pale green.

I never refused a hunt when I could go in the saddle, so I mounted a horse well used to fire, took my double barreled muzzle-loader, a real Manton, loaded with nine No. 1 buckshot to each barrel, and "joined in."

We went several miles below the village where the timber spread well out on both banks and along stretch of prairie backed the timber. The leader of the party, Dick Bond, stationed us at different stands and then the dogs were set free.

I remember well the stand where he placed me was on a point where I had a good view of the stream, leading each way for several hundred yards, and he said the deer would be apt to take water there, and I would have a big chance. He advised me to dismount, fasten my horse back in the bush, and to take things easy. A saddle is the easiest chair in the world to me, and I preferred to remain in it, especially as I had made up my mind to be ready to change base quickly should I see a deer like to make a landing out of my range.

Bond was off the moment the dogs were set loose, for his own stand, and I was alone—or the next thing to it, with only my pet saddle horse for company.

Soon I heard the hounds give tongue, and the music came sharp, clear and quick. I knew in a second they were on a hot trail, and coming for the river. They had been started in a swampy copse some ways back.

With both barrels at half cock, my feet well set in the stirrups ready to make a rush if needed, up or down, for a shot, I sat and listened while my horse, who had heard such music scores on scores of times before, pricked his ears forward and listened.

Nearer and nearer every second, first above, then it seemed below me, came the weird sounds which told of a hot chase. Keenly I watched the river, waiting for the splash that would tell of venison afloat and swimming for dear life! Pardon that—I'll not transgress again!

Suddenly, a crash almost behind my back made me wheel half around in my saddle, while I cocked both barrels as I turned.

One glance, a mighty pair of antlers tore through the bushes to my right not forty yards away. Firing for the head, but low down, I let the right hand barrel drive as it came to shoulder.

A leap—a loftier one I never saw, threw the whole deer in sight above the bushes, and then down it went all in a heap. I touched my horse with the spur, and in four or five leaps he was up to the dying animal.

To dismount, out knife and bleed it, was the work of scarce a second, and then I sent up a Pawnee yell of triumph that might have been heard a mile or more. While waiting to hear a reply, I heard a thrashing in the bushes a little nearer to the river, and running over there found a young doe with three buckshot through her neck—one through the spinal bone at the intersection of the shoulder, and two through the large neck vein below.

To put her out of misery was a duty, and that done I again sent forth my yell of victory.

I had not seen the doe at all when I fired, so the double shot was luck, and nothing else.

To make the story short, that was all the venison got by our party that day—as Dick Bond, if yet living, will testify. The buck had five No. 1 shot almost in a lump just back of the fore shoulder, cutting his heart all up.

I had many a hunt on the Kaskaskia after that, but I never had quite so good luck again. But shooting there in those days was prime for birds as well as deer. Few Eastern sportsmen were ever seen in that section, and the gentlemen hunters of the region did not kill to waste.

And as was the case this time, where they had good fortune, all their friends had the benefit of it, for our meat graced the tables of most every citizen of note in the place. I remember well that a ham of that fat young doe went to Judge Breese, and three Winters ago when I was in Warrington, Va., wintering, a fair daughter of the venerable statesman and jurist, spoke of the fact, saying she never remembered to have tasted venison before. She was but a child then.

Only to think, so long ago, and yet I live! Well, well, we "Old ones" have to live till the call sounds for the happy hunting grounds above.

Eagle's Nest, Stamford, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1881.

The Screech Owl and Scarcity of Game.

PRINCETON, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—An incident came under my notice recently, which impressed me with the ravages of a small bird known as the screech owl.

This little bird, for he is not so large as he appears, does more damage than most people suppose. Its movements being shrouded in darkness, having the advantage of all other birds, he does not hesitate to attack larger and stronger birds than himself, and which in broad daylight would be more than a match for him.

One evening, just at dusk, a white dove flew out of the barn as if frightened, and upon going to discover the cause, I saw feathers on the hay, and upon looking closer, discovered a screech owl which seemed much fatigued, probably on account of its efforts to catch the dove. I did not wait for him to rest, but put an end to the marauder, giving him an extra tap, for fear he would prove a "specter owl."

On another occasion, my uncle had a fine bantamcock which roosted near the house. One evening a noise was heard in the direction of the bantam, and on going to look, my uncle found a screech owl had seized the bantam by the head, and was so intent on making a meal of him that the owl was easily killed. Both occurrences happened during severe weather, when the ground was covered with deep snow. An owl that would attack a bantam would make havoc among quails and ruffed grouse during the still hours of night.

Would it not be a move in the right direction to offer a bounty for birds of prey? It would be an additional step toward the preservation of game.

Doubtless many Illinois sportsmen have noticed the decrease in the number of game birds, and many see that, in the near future, quails, ruffed and pinated grouse will be only of the past, in many parts of the state. Before our game is exterminated, for those who wish to enjoy the sport of hunting, it would be well to replenish by importing from states where it is still abundant. The sooner this is done, the sooner will game become plenty. The first difficulty which presents itself is, where shall the means come from? Second, what shall we import? Third, where can it be obtained?

The means for replenishing should come from those who have destroyed it, and from those who would be benefited by having it restored. There are the sportsmen and shooters of Illinois, and if one in sixteen of its inhabitants are sportsmen and shooters, we then have, in round numbers, one hundred and ninety thousand. Suppose each one would give one penny, it would amount to \$1,900, or \$18.90 for each county in the state. Many would think this a small sum to start with, but nevertheless it would go a long way toward exterminating birds of prey. Many would grumble at the tax, yet would spend five times that amount for a poor cigar, and think nothing of it, and I will venture to say, five times that amount is spent in a single day by the same number of men. Now, dear reader, do not take my figures as facts, but look and think for yourself, as I may have made mistakes.

Look at the success of Mr. N. K. Fairbank in stocking Geneva Lake with fish. Is not the land easier and cheaper to restock than the water? Are not the habits of game birds better understood than fish?

The quail would be a good bird to start with in nearly all parts of the state, and if properly protected, would increase rapidly. The drawbacks would be cold Winters, pot-hunters, vermin and farm machinery. Next to quails, ruffed grouse are the best to introduce into timbered localities. Pot-hunters, and cold Winters would not trouble them much; market hunters do not meet with great success in the pursuit of ruffed grouse. The true sportsman would find both sport and recreation in pursuit of them. I think ruffed grouse afford more sport for the same number of birds, than either quails or pinated grouse, for they are more difficult to kill. Pinated grouse is the finest bird of all, and while trapping them continues (and it is likely to, when they bring about fifty cents each in Chicago), would be soon destroyed. Shall we stand by and see our game all destroyed, or shall we re-stock this fair state? If the state will not aid in this matter, let individuals move themselves in the right direction. The Far West and North will furnish the necessary game.

GEORGE GREENE.

Why Did He Do It?

NEW YORK.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Inquirer, in your issue of January 29, asks the pertinent question, why the kennel editor of *Forest and Stream* apologized to me at the late Eastern Field Trials for what had been said in *Forest and Stream* against the Dittmar powder, etc., etc., and requests *Forest and Stream* to answer him.

I cannot imagine where Inquirer received this correct information from; as to my knowledge only one other person overheard part of our conversation, whom I told upon request what we had exchanged. I don't think that I have since particularized our conversation to anybody else, nor did I intend to make capital out of the same for the Dittmar powder.

The facts in the case are these: Upon recognizing each other we shook hands together, and I expressed the hope that the business feeling and controversy of *Forest and Stream* and the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company would not change and influence our personal relations. Hereupon voluntarily he gave me his word of honor that he had had no part, and would never have anything to do with those slanderous and false attacks of *Forest and Stream* upon the Dittmar powder, and that he would rather resign his position as field editor of that paper than see these false and outrageous attacks tolerated and continued. So said the kennel editor (I) of *Forest and Stream*.

From that time, until a few days ago, I had no personal feelings against this man and discredited the many written and verbal reports of friends that he had made it his business at the Pennsylvania and Vincennes trials to personally see most of the parties there, and had tried hard to create a Dittmar powder scare, making himself generally ridiculous, and totally failing in his object. In fact, he made new friends for the powder and the old ones stauncher than ever. But I have changed my opinion, and the following personal and childlike letter of the kennel or as he styles himself, field editor (I) of *Forest and Stream*, which was sent me by one of my friends, is the cause. *Quantum mutatus ab illo*.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1881.

DEAR SIR:—It is with a feeling that I have a duty to perform that I write you as I do. In your excellent paper of January 3 I notice an article entitled "Happy Hunting Grounds," in which the writer recommends Dittmar powder. Dittmar may be good for elk, the little ones are said to cry for it, but it is hard upon the hunter who generally returns minus his gun, right ear and fingers of his left hand. You can't expect to popularize Minnesota by recommending the vile compound. It's mighty uncertain. I have been told that a club is being organized called "The Dittmar One Glove and One Ear Muff Club," composed of those who have graduated from the use of the "sure to kill." One hundred and nineteen have been said to have joined it, and they are only waiting for one more member to make their number even, when they will divide up into pairs. Do not let your glorious state contribute the number wanted.

Feeling that I have performed a duty, I am, sincerely your obedient servant,
Field Editor.

F. S.

The "end justifies the means," is an old adage, which is implicitly followed by the representative of *Forest and Stream*. Whether friend or foe, I can respect a man who is candid, honest, and open, whatever his opinions may be, but the Lord deliver me from such as the kennel field editor (I) of *Forest and Stream*.

Mr. Editor, you will please excuse above personal lines, but I hate to be stabbed from behind, and give the above as a little side piece of the Dittmar Powder—*Forest and Stream* controversy. Moreover the fact should be known when such a man is used by sporting papers, and puts himself up as authority on sporting matters. Did I desire a personal controversy I should not stop here, but I only give the facts in this case and leave him to the charity of my fellow sportsmen.

Forest and Stream will probably answer Inquirer's questions.
JUSTUS VON LENGERKE.

The Prohibition of the Traffic in Game in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—At the adjourned meeting of the Wisconsin State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, at Madison, an amendment to the report presented at the Milwaukee meeting by the committee on laws for the protection of game, was offered as follows:

"That all traffic in game in the state be prohibited;" and I am extremely sorry to say the amendment was adopted.

I truly believe the passing of such a clause by the association will greatly redound to the discredit of the society in the opinions of a large majority of the sportsmen and the people of the state. But a very small number of the sportsmen's fraternity are wealthy, and possessed of the requisite amount of pure selfishness to allow them to have any respect for such a law, and but little for a body of men advocating it. The expenses of a hunting trip are considerable, and it is not dishonorable for a sportsman to sell his game, and thus bring his pleasure within his means.

Game markets are a reasonable necessity which enable that part of our community who have no time for field recreation, or perhaps never use the gun, but have an appreciative appetite for game, to obtain it in season. This class is large and contains liberal and representative citizens, who are glad and willing to give their good will and financial support to an association for the protection of game out of season. But let such association say to those people, "You have no right to enjoy that which you cannot kill or capture in the field, and we will have laws to prevent your doing so," and at once this association has a powerful and just opposition. This is what our association cannot afford to bring about, but by persisting in advocating such sentiment as the amendment contains, they will fetch it with a vengeance. I believe that had there been a fair attendance, a proposition of the kind would have been squelched in short order.

I have no idea that our legislators will embody any such recommendation or act in the game laws they may pass this Winter; but should they do so, the law will be a "dead letter," for no power can enforce it. It should be the work of the association to embody and recommend such laws as contain no selfish motives; but that would be simple, effective, and easy of enforcement, and such a law would be satisfactory in all parts of the state, receive universal support, and bring growth and strength to the Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association. Then we have accomplished something that will go far toward protecting what little game we have left.

I wish the association and its good objects the greatest of success, and I now say to the sportsmen and all in the state concerned in the preservation of our game and fish, wake up from your lethargy, organize clubs in every county of the state, with the object of seeing that the laws are strictly observed; join the state association, infuse vigorous life into it, and above all, don't fail to attend its meetings, and give it the benefit of your opinions of what is for the greatest good for all.

Hoping that our legislature will pass an effective game law, that will be satisfactory in all localities, with provision for proper officers to enforce it, I await results, and cease fire for the time.

BLUE JAY.

Notes from Minnesota.

RED WING, MINN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Some thirteen years ago when a schoolboy, I was quite a sportsman, a lover of hunting, and a fair performer with a double barreled muzzle loading shotgun. I resided in Alma, Buffalo county, Wis., where game was abundant, especially geese, ducks, brant and chickens. My time was devoted every Spring and Fall in hunting, and in Winter I was attentive to school. After leaving the country school and the many interesting and exciting incidents of my hunting days, the recital of which would probably occupy too much space in your paper, I became ambitious to be a barber. I have spent nine long years at that business, chiefly in the town of Red Wing. Last Fall the temptation for hunting became so strong that I could not resist it any longer. I bought a double barreled breech loading Goodyer gun, and one day, with my friend J. Peterson, my partner in business, concluded to go on a hunt to the head of Lake Pepin, where the Mississippi flows into it. Hunting that day proved to be amusing to us; although the game was not abundant, our bag counted up seven mallards, four teal, and three canvas back ducks.

Hunting in general is not very exciting in this section of country at this time of year except after rabbits, and every one that is able to support a bound, if the time permits him, goes rabbit hunting, even if he has to shoot with a Springfield musket.

There is glass ball shooting occasionally. Lately there was a pigeon match on the river, shooting pigeons from a trap. That was an organized party, consisting of the champion glass ball shooters of Red Wing. Three others and myself tried to be admitted to the affair by paying the small sum of one dollar for ten shots; we all were rejected. We witnessed the shooting for awhile, and saw that the pigeons escaped quite freely by blazing both barrels at one pigeon, so we took the range that the birds flew, and got off the distance of eighty rods, and held our own match; there were several killed by each of us four. My partner and myself had our pigeons pass through the taxidermist's hands, and they are now exhibited in our shop, with a collection of other birds, in a glass show case. We call those pigeons: "The birds that got away."

Prairie chickens and quails are not suffering to a great extent in this vicinity; although it has been a severe, cold and tedious Winter, the birds have considerable protection in the groves and swamps.

CHRIS.

How He Got a White Owl.

TOPEKA, KAN., Feb. 18, 1881.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—If you have occasion to solicit advertisements for your paper and want any testimony as to its advantages as an advertising medium you can call on me freely for anything in this line that may be desired. This is the plain truth, and it is only right that full credit should be given; but if there is any charity in your soul, and your professed friendship for me

amounts to anything, for heaven's sake discontinue that advertisement that you inserted, with the best motives in the world, in your issue of the 12th inst., to the effect that I wanted a white owl. I did want one, and I had even gone so far as to have our agents scour the country in search of one, and had offered as high as fifteen dollars for one. Failing to get what I wanted, it occurred to me that if the matter was mentioned in the CHICAGO FIELD I might in the remote future secure the prize; but I did not think for a moment that the answers to the advertisement would result in seriously interfering with my regular business. The answers have come all the way from Coney Island to Oregon, and there is still a portion of the "solid South" to be heard from. If white owls are as thick there as in other parts of the country, I shall close up shop. As a matter of fact, it seems to me as though nearly everybody had seen that infernal advertisement, and if he hadn't a white owl he showed it to somebody who had, or had some other kind of an owl, that was either badly faded or dyed so as to look white, which they thought would answer my purpose. Where these parties had no owl they suggested that they had seen the advertisement, and having no owl of any kind, thought I might like something else—they even suggested stuffed rats and turtles. Now for goodness sake let up on me and be kind enough to inform the public that I have got an owl, and do not want any more. Do anything to stop this correspondence, even to the extent of publishing this letter, if necessary. I never got into such a scrape in my life before, and I do not want any more of it. Yours truly,

W. F. WHITE,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Co.

Ruff to Boone.

ASHFIELD, MASS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I beg your indulgence for a word with Boone. Brother Boone, you are a man after my own heart, let's shake. I would fain render thanks for the pleasure derived from a perusal of your missives to the brethren, and beg of you to reconsider your announcement in your last that "with a few more words you were done." When Boone speaks, there is an electric current that goes straight to the heart of every true sportsman. Whether our experiences and conclusions exactly tally or not, the magnetic force that welds the ties that bind the brotherhood, flows from the pen of Boone so easily and so naturally, that a difference of opinion is no difference in reality, and 'twere a pity that such a source of pleasure should long be withheld.

Brother Boone, ten of the happiest years of my life were passed midst Western sporting scenes, and should my hopes and prayers be realized, they again shall be duplicated, ere I pass to the "happy hunting grounds." If so, I hope to clasp thine honest hand with a true sportsman's embrace. Till then, adieu, and bon voyage.

RUFF.

A CLUB DINNER AND A SERIES OF MISADVENTURES.—Alexandria, La.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—On the first day of January last, after completing the election of its officers for 1881, the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club adjourned to a field near town, to have their first shoot at glass balls, for a beautiful gold medal, and championship of the club, which was won by the Vice President, Judge H. L. Dalgre, with the very creditable score of nine balls out of ten. I am sorry I have not the score before me, so as to give you a copy of it. After the shoot, the club was most handsomely entertained by Dr. J. S. Fish, a worthy member of the club, and the *menu* set before us by his most estimable lady was one calculated to tickle the palates of the gods. In the afternoon a sad accident occurred to mar this otherwise most pleasant and enjoyable day. Mr. D. W. Hynson, one of the most weighty members of our club, was thrown violently from his horse on the hard, frozen ground, and for days his life was despaired of, but, thanks to the skill of his physicians, and the gentle ministrations of a devoted wife and kind friends, he is now rapidly recovering his usual health. Another little contretemps occurred, but not of quite so serious a nature, to the writer, returning home, about six miles distant, when he had the misfortune to get his team mired in one of the impassable mud holes that unfortunately mar the beauty of our lovely roads, and after vain efforts to get the wagon extricated, had eventually to extricate himself by footing it home, where he found his anxious wife awaiting him, imagining all kinds of ills to have happened to her dear lord, which were happily dissipated by his tardy, though muddy and dilapidated appearance at the family fireside. A steaming dish of gumbo and a smoking pot of coffee soon set matters to rights: an agreeable close to a most pleasant day. To-morrow our next club shoot comes off, and Judge Dalgre will have to be in his best form to continue to wear his honors; some "dark horse" may carry off the prize. More anon.

STPHAX.

GAME NOTES FROM DAKOTA.—Cantonment, Bad Lands, Little Missouri River, D. T.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—Since I last wrote you I have been compelled to stay in the house, so I have done very little hunting. I rode out about five miles a few days since, and saw some eight or ten deer, but only managed to get three. Yesterday we had a very heavy blizzard, and it has driven the deer into the Bad Lands. An old trapper who hangs out in an old log cabin, about ten miles from here, came up to Mr. Moore's store the other day, and said he struck a herd of about fifty elk; some of the soldiers and the two Indian scouts started down after them, and were gone two days, and brought back three elk, ten deer, and six antelopes. As soon as I am able, I intend going down the river myself, but it is so very cold out here that a fellow has to take so much clothing with him that it hardly pays to attempt to hunt now. Sunday night the thermometer showed fifty degrees below zero, and that is a little too cold to sleep in a tent, with one Sibley stove. The antelopes are beginning to come in among these hills for shelter. The old trapper said that he woke up one morning, and when he looked out it looked as though some one had started a sheep ranch on his claim during the night. He said if there was one antelope, there must have been 500. Mr. Paddock, a ranchman here, killed eleven in one day, and said he could have killed twice that number if he had wanted to, and I don't doubt it, for he is an excellent shot. Jack rabbits and cotton tails are very plentiful; I saw a man bring in fifteen rabbits from about six hours' shooting. Chickens are plentiful also, but very tough and wild. We are perfectly isolated here now; the trains have stopped running, and it is very hard to get any communication whatever with Bismarck, but I hope that when the railroad opens again, I will be able to welcome you or some of your staff, and I will guarantee a good time, and plenty of sport.

E. P.

EASY TO GET LOST.—Richmond, Ind.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—To show how easy it is for a person to lose himself, I will relate an instance that happened in this neighborhood some few days ago. Geo. Dougan and John Rallsback took the cars for a shoot. They went some sixteen miles from this city to one of Mr. Dougan's haunts, ground that he has traversed, he says, hundreds of times. After hunting the larger part of the day they finally got a bunch of birds scattered in a thicket; and after

hunting single birds for an hour in this place, they soon came to the conclusion it was time to start for the station. Mr. Dougan said he knew the way perfectly well; Mr. Rallsback replied very well, but we are going the opposite direction from which we should go, and tried to convince George of his error; but nay, he knew the ground, had been on it a thousand times, and as he passed along pointed out where his dog or somebody else's dog had pointed a covey of birds. He even went so far as to point out the place where he had eaten lunch last year. He knew just exactly where they were. Mr. Rallsback protested, but it was no good. Finally they struck a small town. George looked at the church steeple and said, "Where are we? Is my name Dougan? Rallsback, do I look like I was from Richmond? Is that Quaker or is it that cur Heck? Am I dreaming? No. No, 'tis too true; I am lost, lost." Noticing a sign informing them that coffee and lunch were to be had within, Dougan took advantage of a dry goods box to rest his weary bones while he gave Mr. Rallsback a dollar to go in and ask. Now, George, the next time I happen to drop in and you say "Good-morning Mr. Heck, how's the champion this beautiful Winter morning," it is no more than right that I should state that Rallsback killed a pheasant while on their homeward march, and perhaps Quaker had wended it six miles back and George was keeping mum to give Raily a surprise.

HECK.

THE OHIO LAW SUFFICIENT IF ENFORCED.—Dayton, Ohio.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—We again hear of the Cuvier Club wanting to prohibit shooting in this state the coming Fall. 'Tis true that our Winter is long and severe, but at the same time Bob White is a tough little fellow, and his keen perception has taken him into good cover. Take any good dog on quails, go out among the corn-shocks, hunt thoroughly, and there you will find enough left over to breed the coming season, with a dry Summer, which usually follows a severe Winter. Should there be a scarcity of quails by October 1, a notice to that effect in the CHICAGO FIELD will reach all sportsmen in the state, and no ammunition will be used to further thin out the ranks of Bob White. At present let the law remain as it is; the more our legislature is bothered on game laws (when we do not enforce what we have) the worse they will make the law for us. Suppose the Cuvier Club get a prohibitory law passed for the coming Fall, will they stay in the state and deprive themselves of sport, abiding by their own law? Or will they go where shooting can be had, and laugh at the majority of us at home, with our dogs, guns, suits, CHICAGO FIELD to read, but no sport? No, sir; when the majority are to abide by the law, let them make the law. For my own part, after reading of the slaughter of game birds and fowls by these clubs away from home, on the marshes, McPherson lake, Lake Koshkonong and the prairies, I have little faith in their laws. Hands off.

L. ROSSELL.

LOADING BUCKSHOT.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—Vain hit so close to the bull's eye in his article on loading buckshot, that I thought I would write on the subject myself. What becomes of the wads between the shot; do they not disarrange the flight of the charge, as a whole? I found it so, for I have been over the same road, and think I have passed where he stopped. I have been much concerned about the best way to load buckshot, and have made many experiments, and have found the following to fill the bill more exactly than any other method. I use an old shell (paper), cut off just below where crimped, cut long enough for three or four chambers of fours. Slit it open lengthwise, on a loading rammer, and cut out enough to let it fit easily in the muzzle. Take an empty shell and fit a wooden plug in it, enough shorter than the shell to admit the cut section, leaving one-fourth inch projecting. I now put in one chamber of shot, using care to select my sizes so they chamber nicely. Then roll some paper, about an inch long, to occupy the spaces, fill up with shot, and cut off the paper even, which leaves the shot setting evenly, one on the other, and they go out of the barrel without any wedging, and fully repay the trouble taken in their preparation. Partridges are doing well here, not many having been frozen to death. Our club have moved on the hawks, offering twenty-five cents premium for their heads.

VOX.

THE DEATH OF F. A. DURIVAGE.—Eagle's Nest, Stamford, Del. Co. N. Y.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—Another link in the chain connecting the sportsmen of the past and the present has been broken in the death of Francis Alexander Durivage. As a contributor to the sporting press of the country he was widely known, and his writings over the *nom de plume* of "Old Un" were replete with information and humor. He also added largely to the general literature of his day, having been connected editorially, at various times, with leading journals in Boston and New York. His death was caused by an injury, resulting in paralysis, received in 1875, on board the steamer while returning from a tour of Europe. Although an invalid from that time until the hour of his death, his literary labors did not entirely cease, and his last communication was upon the death of Epes Sargent, another one of the "old guard." His life numbered sixty-seven years, and from the age of sixteen he had been more or less constantly a writer for the public press. His writings will keep his memory green before the people, and his intimate friends will ever bear him in remembrance by recalling his numberless acts of personal kindness, and the many hours of delightful social intercourse passed in his society.

NED BUNTLINE.

Notes.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Feb. 6.—I returned Christmas from Southern Missouri. Game wintered well there, deer, turkeys and quails, in great numbers, and many left over. Quails cannot fail to do well. I killed two pheasants (ruffed grouse), the only ones I ever saw in Missouri, except the balance of the covey, which I didn't kill. Between the Osage and Missouri rivers, the western part of the state, quails are not so abundant, owing to the great freeze out three Winters ago. In Spring Valley, below Joplin, Mr. Hershey informs me quails are very plentiful. Near Kansas City quails have wintered well. Immense fields of corn are yet standing, offering good shelter and food. The weather has been cold, but no snow. I hunted all during January within twenty-five miles of the city, and find quails in excellent condition and there will be great numbers left over. Prairie chickens are fat and in great numbers in the corn-fields, on the prairies near timber. I killed twenty-two, while quail shooting during January. I notice deer (whole carcasses) in the Kansas City market since February 1, also prairie chickens hanging out at the restaurants. After a few days more of grace, the gun clubs of this city propose to prosecute violators of the game laws. Wild geese (Canada) are flying to the river and corn and wheat fields in great numbers. The following is the score of five days' hunt ending Saturday, January 29: K. McDonald—quails, forty-one; rabbits, thirty-eight; chickens, one; hawks one; crows, one. W. Lewis—quails, thirty-eight; rabbits, forty-one; chickens, two; owls, one. Crocus—quails, thirty-eight; rabbits, twenty-seven; chickens, six. Mr. McDonald shot over his thirteen-year old puppy Ike; Mr. Lewis over Houghton's black setter, and Wamaley's red Irish Glen, and Crocus over pointer Doc.

CROCUS.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Feb. 11.—After eighty-four days of good sleighing, the weather has become decidedly snipery, plenty of rain, and not very cold. We anticipate good shooting this Spring on snipes and ducks. From reports gathered at random it appears the quails have not been frozen out very badly, and next year's crop will be ample to afford good sport. The legislature have been spouting over a bill offered by a member (whose name I cannot now recall, but is nevertheless dear to all sportsmen of this state) to give fifty cents bounty on each hawk delivered at the County Clerk's office. To this bill add pot hunters and trappers, and Ohio will soon be swarming with game birds. I notice some of our sportsmen are investing in "blue blood" stock, which, with our crack natives, will make interesting times. A gun club is needed here to bring out our good shots, of whom we have numbers. Am pleased to notice that the CHICAGO FIELD can now be had weekly at the Champion Cigar Store, No. 3 S. Limestone Street, kept by Billy La Rue and Levi Bratsen, who are always prepared to welcome sportsmen. Call and see them.

RURER.

WAUKEGAN, ILL., Feb. 11.—Prairie chickens are all safe, and I think that up to the present date none have perished. A great many of them are feeding in the woods near the lake shore on juniper and killiknick berries. Some quails have without doubt been buried in the deep snow and frozen, and a great many will starve to death unless the snow soon melts, as the storms of last night and to-day will be very hard on them. I am feeding a covey of eleven that stay around our barn. I found the remains of a covey that had been killed by a fox, and yet some of the sportsmen want the fox protected. That is a great mistake, if they shoot small game at all, as a fox destroys great numbers of all kinds of game birds. I like a fox hunt as well as any one, but I do not think they ought to be protected, as they are general thieves, and an infernal nuisance in a farming community. I can recommend Mr. Margerum's plan for catching hawks as a very good one, and I have caught quite a number that way myself. I use a six inch pole ten feet long, and set a No. 1 trap on the top without any bait.

MACK.

ATALISSA, IOWA, Feb. 14.—The quails were doing first rate up to the snowstorm of Saturday, and as yesterday was pleasant, they probably did not suffer much. Plenty of snow this Winter, and high water this Spring, with plenty of ducks and snipes as a concomitant, are looked forward to by the sporting men around here. I am glad to see the reports from Chicago in regard to the Magner case, and from Iowa with Hefner left behind. "Bully," as we used to say in the army. Who comes next? One of the club members sent in and got a Fox gun from the agency in Chicago, and is well pleased with it, as indeed all are who have seen and examined it. It does good execution too, breaking nine out of ten glass balls thrown from a Stock & Morris trap, which, by the way, is a hard trap to shoot from when pulled with any nerve.

WARSPIEINICON.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Feb. 10.—The Kalamazoo Gun Club was organized about a year and a half since, and we have done something in the way of protecting game, but have been unable to arrest its steadily increasing scarcity. Last year we joined the State Sportsman's Association, and sent two delegates to the late annual meeting at Lansing. Quails and grouse have been more or less injured by the late severe weather, but I doubt if serious loss has been sustained on this account. I learned of one instance where a ruffed grouse was found frozen on his perch, and one or two bevies of quail are thought to have succumbed. I hear, however, of several places where quails have come to the barn-yard for shelter and food. As much corn is still ungathered in the field, it is unlikely they will suffer greatly, as quails are not given to fasting under such circumstances.

RUTHERFORD.

MEDORA, ILL., Feb. 11.—Quails and rabbits are quite numerous in this vicinity; the post oak brush is full of them. I think I can find a dozen coveys of quails within one mile of my place. I do not know of a single instance of quails freezing to death, and they are well protected by game laws, good use of their wings, and very thick brush. There has not been any violation of the law, to my knowledge. There is no sportsmen's club, or game protective society here, but what is still better, we have got law-abiding citizens, and most of them are very poor shooters. Open weather, and all the boys are gazing southward for ducks.

L. R.

EMPORIA, KAN., Feb. 7.—Quails have wintered here finely, none up to this time, having perished from cold. Our fall of snow has been very light, weather steadily cold, but the season being open, game of all kinds has done well. There are no end to quails in this section of Kansas. Ducks and geese are coming in in large numbers. The snipe shooting will be fine, as we have had a good rain, and I think we have the best snipe grounds in Kansas, only one mile from Emporia.

H. L. L.

BREWSTERS, N. Y., Feb. 3.—A good number of quails are wintering here, but the snow and cold weather have made it hard picking for them. Woodcocks were very scarce the last season on account of dry weather. Ruffed grouse have been very scarce for the past two years, probably on account of the price they bring in the New York market. Red foxes are very plenty, but deep snow has prevented their being hunted to any extent.

F. T.

PRAIRIE CITY, ILL., Feb. 13.—I wish to put in a word for the wild turkey. The law allows them to be shot too soon, when they are small and with the mother, and the pot-hunters will kill most of them before they are large enough to keep out of the way. In my opinion it should be unlawful to kill them only between October 1 and run until February 1, of each year.

S. P. T.

MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASS., Feb. 16.—Quails bid fair to be in fair numbers in the Spring. Snows have not killed any in this immediate locality. Your New-Year number was superb, and the lithograph of old Dan, elegant; the best picture of a dog that has been published by any of the papers, and as good if not better than the copies of Pope's work.

N. D. H.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 15.—The Cuvier Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, have served notice through the daily papers that, on and after the above date, they will enforce the law and vigorously prosecute parties offering for sale quails or grouse killed in the state during the close season.

WICK.

SOMERSET, O., Feb. 14.—Our quails have wintered well, the large amount of unhusked corn left in the fields having saved many a brood, and all we have to fear now is the daily toll levied by the hawk and fox.

OLD GUNNER.

LIMA, O., Feb. 8.—But few quails are to be found in this county, a few scattering birds around barns and haystacks that have been kept over by the farmers feeding them.

A. F. H.

DOWLING, MICH., Feb. 16.—The quails have not been killed off here by the severe weather. I see coveys frequently while riding along the roads.

D. C. S.

CORINTH, MISS., Feb. 12.—The weather is fearful, wet, foggy and dismal. Bagged thirty-four quails over old Kate one day last week.

GUYON.

HUNTSVILLE, MO., Feb. 15.—The snow has finished what few quails we have. The general opinion is that every one will be lost.

J. A. H.

Fish and Fishing.

Field Yarns.—No. XI.

BY CLIMAX.

These yarns have become so popular among the sportsmen about this city, that whenever two or three of them meet, "Climax" is immediately sent for to take notes, and help out any of the "gang" who overcrop himself, with what old "John Yeatman" would call a "rowser." By the bye, I should mention here, that a grander disciple of old Sir Izaak never angled in the waters of Tennessee than the last-mentioned gentleman; his brother Henry and Col. Otis are still living to vouch for the assertion. One of these days I will try and rake up some of their doings, when I began taking lessons in field sports. But to return to the subject of this batch. While quietly sampling a few of those delicious bivalves at Sulzbacher's and feasting my eyes upon the fine venison, quails, rabbits, wild turkeys, red snappers and the first shad of the season, the other morning, a dirty little colored boy spied me through the show window, and began addressing me as follows:

"Is you Major Climax?"

On answering in the affirmative, he continued:

"Ef you is dat individual dere's nigh on ter six gem'men round at McClure's, wants fur ter see yer."

Around I went, and there saw Charley Hillman, Gen. I. P. Jones, Frank Fannan, and Col. Akers, in hot discussion, not upon the artistic merits of the picture, but the unpardonable oversight of having left out of this group, Parson "Fountain E. Pitts."

"George," said Hillman, "Pitts was one of our party, and the best fisherman of us all; he could cast his line better, and catch more fish than any one in the State; besides these accomplishments he could preach, pray, sing, or take a toddy on as short notice as any man in the world."

"Yes," joined in the others, "Clendennin must introduce the old fellow somewhere in the crowd."

Having been unanimously adopted, the resolution will be put in force in a few days, as soon as a photograph of the lamented "Divine" can be procured to paint it from.

Gen. Jones had listened quietly to the above dialogue, and was noticed wiping a tear from his eye, but George Akers was overpowered at the sound of the Parson's name, and was weeping bitterly, and muttering something like this: "No, no, never in all my life d-I-I-I, I, oh, oh, meet so, g-o-o-o-d a man."

"Well, cheer up boys," said Hillman and Fannan. "It is dollars to cents that 'Climax' will have this scene in the CHICAGO FIELD, and then it will be in the mouths of tens of thousands of people. Cheer up, and let us call for a little of Linck's restorative; and George, you will calm yourself, and tell us the story about the old fellow, the time the water rose on him down on Buffalo."

"Agreed," said Akers, "but I tell you what gentlemen, Pitts's name recalls to my mind many things, which I will always cherish with pleasure if they do make me appear at times like a 'booby.'"

Hot Scotch all round, and a bumper to the departed's memory, and Akers began:

"Fountain E. Pitts never appeared to such advantage as when equipped with his jointed bamboo, a No. 1 Meek reel, seventy or eighty yards of silk line on it, and a bucket full of lively steel-backs. He was nervous in temperament, but more self-possessed at the same time, than any man I ever fished with. He had studied the best authors on angling, and the habits of fish. When on such expeditions as the one I am now trying to describe, he seemed lost to everything else, displaying great energy and perspicaciousness; was the first up, and the last to turn in, in camp; would take water like a spaniel, and never faltered at any hardship, fatigue or privation."

"The spring of 18— we left Nashville in my fishing wagon, accompanied by ———, bound for Molyneux's Mill. The weather was delightful, after several days of rain. On arriving at our camping ground, we pitched our tent and picketed out the old mare, and the Parson and I took a look at the streams while "Ike" was getting up some wood, and preparing our supper. The water was in splendid condition and from what the miller told us, a little on the rise. Supper and prayers over, we wrapped ourselves in a blanket each, and gave ourselves up to Morpheus to dream of the morrow's pleasure."

"Before day dawned, Ike came to the tent, as jolly as a lark; said he:

"Boss! time ter get up; dem roosters bin crowing de lass hour."

"But," said I, "Ike why did you not let us sleep until you had prepared breakfast?"

"Dat's done, and on the table ober yonder, an I've cotched de puttles lot of minnies in de creek; de fax is de niggahs at ole 'Molyneux's' hed a dance lass night at the mill, an dey cum down to de camp and axed me to go long wid em; see I, on de kondishun, dey drag de sand and fill dem buckets wid bait; dey 'greed, an so I went long, an danned till jess bout an hour ago!"

"The morning was lovely. The sun rose clear, but along the windings of the stream a slight fog or mist was perceptible. Our first cast was within twenty steps of the tent; the fish took the bait ravenously, and in a few hours we had creeled a fine mess. Ike cleaned and cooked them, and a more sumptuous repast a king could not have made. As was our club custom, a pipe and an hour's nap followed; the Parson was in great glee, he had scored the largest bass, and was eager for the afternoon's work to begin."

"George," said he, "shall we try the same place or take one bucket of the largest minnows, and go down to the pool?"

"Here is where I killed the five and a half pound bass the year previous, and the most beautiful spot I ever saw. For a mile before reaching the pool, the stream rushes down a sharp fall, part of the way between precipices so steep that no human can scale them; at the end of one of these, there is an abrupt turn and at the base of a perpendicular fall, the water eddies and whirls, making the pool referred to; the water is at all times very deep, and the coldest I know of in any part of the state; to fish here, only one angler should attempt, as the only accessible point to cast from is a narrow projection of rock so close to the fall that the spray from the splashing water wets you through in a few minutes. However we both tried it, but I discovered the water was rising rapidly, lessening our footing at every moment. I cautioned the Parson to look out and leave the point before the water rose on him, and with that, clambered up the rugged banks to essay my luck elsewhere."

"On returning to camp and not seeing my friend, I rather suspected some mishap had befallen him, so I told Ike to come with me and we would look him up. It was a hard walk to add to what I had already done during the day, but I was repaid by the ludicrous scene which followed, and the subsequent gratitude of Pitts. Long before we reached the place, I could hear his stentorian voice above the roar of the cataract, singing 'Away over in the promise land.' Ike and I rushed on with all possible haste, and in a few minutes more, caught sight of him, standing

precisely in the same spot, but in water nearly reaching his shoulders. To get at him was the trouble. The whirlpool had spread with the rising waters, and was circling around the Parson like a mill race. The point of rock on which he was standing was at least fifteen feet from the main land, and nothing to throw out to him to take hold of. Ike ran back nearly half way to camp, and procured two fence rails; these we at last managed to get out to him. I was frightened out of my wits, but he seemed unaware of his danger, and was constantly asking what should he do with his rod; said I 'Bother the rod, think of your own safety.' At last he took a rail under each arm, and waded cautiously toward me; as soon as he reached his depth in the water, he threw me one end of his rod with which to prevent his floating off with the eddy. Just then the rod came unjointed, and I felt sure he would be swept away, but fortunately he had reached so near the shore, that Ike by taking hold of a bush and leaning out over the water, caught the end of the disjointed rod, and pulled him safely on terra firma. I can see the old man's face now, as he bowed down on his knees to return thanks for his deliverance; he was certainly a laughable picture. As the water rose, he rolled up his pants, and continued to do so until it had risen beyond where he could roll them further, then he bethought himself of his pocket Testament, and to keep it dry had placed it inside his hat, apparently unmindful of himself until too late. When his devotions were over, he said:

"George, if that creek hadn't of risen on me I would have caught a monster. I hung him twice, seeing him each time. I tell you he was a whopper." Turning toward Ike, he thanked him in the name of his wife and children, and promised to be his friend until death.

"This ended the sport, the water becoming too muddy to fish, so the next morning we were up early and on our road back to town."

"The old fellow could tell some excellent anecdotes, and was full of life, but I never saw him laugh as he did when I told him about Joe Wheeler."

"What joke is that you have on Joe?" demanded the whole party at once.

"Joe and I belonged to the First Tennessee, at the outbreak of the war, and chanced to be stationed near the Chickamauga river. Said he, 'If we had some tackle and a few minnows, I believe we could have some sport in the stream.' I was only too happy, and set about rigging up a couple of lines, while he undertook the bait question. Both succeeded admirably; the rig was primitive, but with such as it was we set out on the expedition."

"Joe, how many minnows did you get?" I asked. 'Mighty few,' said he, 'but they are beauties, I took them with hook and line, here they are.' I had scarcely thrown in my line when a fine bass took my bait, and number one was landed, then another and another; all the while Joe did not get so much as a nibble. I asked for another minnow, but he swore they were all used up, and we of course had to stop fishing. Joe was pretty sore over his luck, though he said but little. We went to bed as usual, and during the next day were kept hard at drilling until the afternoon, when we went to the creek to take a bath; the weather was extremely warm, and we remained in the water nearly an hour. On coming out we dressed leisurely, but I fancied there was an unpleasant odor about the place, and walked away from the water's edge, and laid down upon the grass. There was no stench about until Joe came up; I disliked to call his attention to it, yet did so, and he appeared as much inconvenienced as myself. We searched about for the cause, but in vain; just then Joe happened to thrust his hand in one of his coat pockets and found several of the minnows (spoiled) he swore he was out of, when I wanted them so badly the day before. It has always been a sore subject to him since, as it looks so much as though my good luck annoyed him."

How many more adventures these celebrated sports would have narrated might be guessed at, but only approximately, had not the clock reminded them that it was time to go home. Nashville, Tenn.

Central New York Fishing Notes.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—All good sportsmen's eyes in this vicinity are already sparkling in anticipation of a Spring, Summer and Autumn season of much more than ordinary pleasure; everything indicates it. Each succeeding year improves in this respect, thanks to wise legislation for fish and game protection, and efficient officials to enforce the laws. I doubt if there is a section in the whole country where more has been done in this direction than here in Central New York.

Seth Green has just published in the Rochester papers some good counsel, as to how and where to catch black bass and salmon trout the coming Summer. He says, among other things:

"There will be good salmon trout and black bass fishing next Summer in the following lakes: Otsego, Canandaigua, Keuka, Owaseo, Hemlock, Skaneateles and many other small lakes we have been stocking. May, June and July are the best months for salmon trout, as they bite all day, and during the month of August they begin to bite at daylight, and stop at about 10 a. m. On Keuka Lake, Yates county, I took in one afternoon 19 salmon trout, which weighed 118 pounds. During the month of May, June, and the fore part of July, the salmon trout feed on the top of the water, and are trolled for the same way pickerel are trolled for on the St. Lawrence, except that you use two hundred and fifty feet of line, with a ten-foot gut leader and gang of hooks attached, and use minnows for bait. I fished parts of two days in Otsego lake. The first day I caught eleven, and the second ten salmon trout. I caught them on the top of the water. At the Three Mile Point House you can get bait and full instructions how to put them on your hooks. Ladies who are fond of fishing will find the above very exciting. I can take more salmon trout in Otsego, Keuka, or Hemlock lakes, than I can of pickerel anywhere in the St. Lawrence river, and the lady anglers can do the same if they have the right rig and have their hooks properly baited. When you have hooked one of them you will have plenty of business on hand for the next twenty or thirty minutes. Then you will want to rest, and when the fish are landed you will have something to look at that will do your eyes good, and will tickle your palate when they come on the table. If you wish to send fish to your friends it can be done, and not have them spoil before they reach their destination. There are all the conveniences for shipping near at hand—railroads, steamers and ice, and men to pack and ship them—and your friends can have them for dinner the day after they are caught."

This certainly looks well, as far as it goes. The Adirondacks will be more generally visited from this vicinity this year than ever, since the "Murray craze." Through the efforts of Mr. Durant, who is, I believe, President of the Adirondack railroad, the route via Saratoga, North Creek, and by comfortable stages to Blue Mountain and thence to the Racquette, is becoming rapidly and deservedly popular. Mr. Durant has erected a beautiful cottage on the Racquette, and has put a small steamer on the stream from Blue Mountain lake thereto. Not only this, but in addition to the already excellent sporting accommodations there, Chauncey Hathorn, a popular guide and

proprietor of the Forest Cottage on the Racquette, wrote me last week: "The Palace Hotel at Blue Mountain is progressing. The contractors are under \$30,000 bonds to have it done by July 1. George Tunnelcliff will manage the hotel. Frederick Durant, a wealthy sugar refiner of New York, is building it. It will have a steam elevator, shooting gallery, bowling alley, and all conveniences." You will see that this is a monster enterprise for the heart of the wilderness.

Willis Barnum scored a good record last week, at a chicken shoot; he killed eighteen out of twenty-two chickens, with rifle, shooting at their heads only, at thirty-five rods.

Frank Pryme, Judd Dibble, Chas. Morse and his son were indicted at Utica last Monday, for illegal fishing in Oneida lake. That's the way we do things about here.

Have your readers heard of the new automatic reel, just patented by an old fisherman, Frank Loomis, of this city? It will be in the market in a week or two, and will probably air itself in your advertising columns. It takes up slack line by the action of a spring, and is said to work to perfection.

By the way, I have never thanked you for the satisfaction of your remarkable New-Year number; it was a splendid affair.

GROUSE.

Fishing in Florida.

MARIETTA, GA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I contribute my quota, by furnishing a record of fish killed by one rod in March and April, 1880, at Halifax Inlet, Florida:

No.	Wt. lb.	No.	Wt. lbs		
Bass or redfish	36	207	Cardfish	46	130
Sheepshead	28	131	Cavall	3	10
Groupers	7	16	Sharks	2	110
Snappers	10	14	Rays	2	74
Salt-water trout	8	27			
Black fish	27	19	Total	179	745
Whiting	10	7			

Fished twenty-six days; average eight fish per day, weighing twenty-eight pounds.

I had a companion whose average catch was about the same as the above, and as we did not fish for "count," all under half-pound weight were returned to the water. We were principally in pursuit of bass, on the whole the most sporting fish in these waters. My largest last season was fifteen pounds; they are sometimes taken up to forty pounds. All these species, except sheepshead, are taken with mullet bait, and they also sometimes, but the proper bait for the latter are clams, fiddlers, or crabs. With these thirty or forty can be taken sometimes in one tide, but they do not afford the sport that bass, trout, and snappers do. As to the sharks and rays, we hook many of them, but usually are glad to let them go, with hooks and sinkers. A small shark, say of fifty or sixty pounds, can be killed on a rod without much difficulty if the hook is armed. A ray is a long-winded brute, much harder to kill, but we have no use for either. S. C. C.

PHILADELPHIA FISH NOTES.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Editor Chicago Field:—Although our restless sportsmen can find no game to shoot, yet some of them, regardless of the cold weather, find opportunities to indulge their passion for fishing. To be sure, the fish are not of very much account after they are caught, being principally roach, but, as one enthusiastic youngster observed, "It's the fun of ketchin' 'em." The *modus operandi* is about as follows: A dock is selected, a hole cut through the ice, and all the loose ice is scooped out; this hole is about six feet in diameter or square, to suit the taste of the fisherman. A seagras line, with two to six hooks (very small) are attached, and the favorite bait used is the white worm, which is found in decayed wood. If the worm is not procurable, small pieces of pork fat or dough are used. A buckshot is used for a sinker, and a light cork for a float, indicates the slightest nibble. The water being always calm, and nothing to disturb the float, the very instant the fish touches the bait the movement is shown by the float, and during the time I watched one of these fishermen, he hooked four out of every five fish that bit. Four times he hooked two at a strike, and in an hour he had landed thirty-one. The fish varied from four to eight inches in length, and were very plump and firm. After a few minutes' fishing the lines become frozen, and resemble wire; and as the depth of water is not more than five to eight feet, and the rods about ten feet in length, the tackle is easily handled. This sport is mostly indulged in by boys, who, despite the risk of frosted feet and hands, seem to enjoy it hugely. ORION.

A NEW FISH COMMISSIONER FOR EAST TENNESSEE.—Mr. H. H. Sneed, of Chattanooga, has been appointed fish commissioner for East Tennessee, and brings to the position thorough knowledge of the best methods of fish-culture and protection. From the work of such commissioners as Mr. H. H. Sneed, for East Tennessee; Colonel Geo. F. Akers, for Middle Tennessee; and Judge W. W. McDowell, for West Tennessee, the very best of results may be expected, and if the legislation of the state shall be correctly shaped, the streams and rivers of Tennessee should soon be filled with every variety of fish in their primitive abundance.

Natural History.

The Second Annual Meeting of the State Natural History Society of Illinois.

From our Special Reporter.

The State Natural History Society of Illinois met for its second annual meeting at the state museum, in the State House, at Springfield, Ill., at 7:30, February 8.

Among the members present were Professor A. H. Worthen, Springfield; Honorable H. N. Hibbard, Hyde Park; Honorable J. G. Henderson, Winchester; Honorable Wm. McAdams, Ottumwa; Professor J. D. Conley, Carlinville; Professor S. A. Forbes, Normal; Tyler McWhorter, Aledo; D. B. Wier, Lacon; Dr. E. R. Boardman, Elmira; Dr. E. O. Boardman, Osceola; Dr. Edwin Evans, Streator; W. H. Garman, Normal; Herbert Darlington, Chicago; F. S. Earle, Cobden; Cyrus W. Butler, Champaign; C. D. W. Brown, Aurora, and others.

The evening was given to routine business, and to the address of the retiring president, Professor Worthen.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—A. H. Worthen, Springfield.

Secretary—S. A. Forbes, Normal.

Treasurer—Homer N. Hibbard, Chicago.

Vice-presidents—Tyler McWhorter, Aledo, and T. J. Burrill, Champaign, and as additional members of the executive committee, William McAdams, Ottumwa; J. D. Conley, Carlinville. Honorable John G. Henderson, Dr. J. A. Conell, Dr. C. W. French, Mrs. M. E. Shutt, Mrs. Dr. Griffith, William N. Hibbard, and W. H. Ballou, were elected as new members.

President Worthen gave the society an extremely interesting and instructive paper on the fossil fuels of the United States, describing the character, history, distribution and general theory

of the various coals and mineral oils of this country. *The paper was an admirable summary and review of the facts and theories of science relating to this subject.

The society was called to order by President Worthen, 9:30 on Wednesday morning, in the supreme court room, at the state House. About thirty members were in attendance.

Mr. McAdams began by describing the ancient agricultural implements of stone found by him in the Illinois river bottoms and in mounds in the Mississippi valley. A collection of hoes was exhibited and also some carbonized corn, taken from mounds in Missouri and Ohio. The speaker stated that the corn was found in earthen vessels in grave mounds, and had apparently been parched, and was evidently buried with the dead. There was no apparent difference between the corn found here and the ordinary corn of the present time, except that the ears were perhaps smaller. These tools and finds of grain, Mr. McAdams regarded as proof that the builders of these mounds were to some extent, at least, an agricultural race. He did not believe, however, that these people belonged to the same race as those who had built the large and numerous mounds of this country, basing his view upon the great differences of implements and pottery found with the grain and tools exhibited.

The paper was discussed by Judge Henderson and others. Mr. Henderson believed there was no distinct class of mound builders, but that many successive generations had contributed each their quota, covering perhaps thousands of years of time. He was disposed to believe that the carbonized corn was buried with a modern Indian, according to the well known custom of the Indians of using these old mounds for the burial of their dead. He thought that the implements called hoes by Mr. McAdams might more properly be called spades, as they had apparently been used with straight handles. Mr. McAdams believed that while it was probably true that all the aborigines of this country had been mound builders, and that perhaps all have made pottery, that nevertheless different races could be distinguished by the different characters of the mounds, and of the objects found in them. The most important part of the work of the archaeologist, however, was the exact description of the objects found. It was perhaps too early to theorize.

In reply to a question by Mr. McWhorter, the speaker said that he thought that the smaller mounds, which occur in thousands, in some parts of the state, were the remains of sod huts.

Professor Thomas said that the pottery showed by Mr. McAdams as the most ancient, seemed to him to be very similar to pottery recently taken from what was evidently an Indian graveyard. He cited the recent discovery among the Zuni Indians, of pottery, recently manufactured, including all the kinds commonly found in mounds, that which we regard as the most ancient as well as that considered comparatively modern. He was not a believer in the great antiquity of these mounds and relics.

Mr. Wier, of Lacon, described the present appearance of the sites of historic Indian villages in his vicinity, and said that if their history was not known, they would be regarded as mound builders' work.

Mr. McAdams said that even the school children in his neighborhood had learned to distinguish the Indian skulls found in the mounds from those of the true mound builders.

Judge Henderson described the structure of a large mound opened by him. At the bottom three skeletons were found, male and female, two recumbent and one sitting. Two of these were badly decayed, but the third was so sound and fresh that no one could suppose that it was more than a hundred years old. Nine out of ten archaeologists in this country do not believe that there is any distinguishable difference between the skeletons of mound builders and the modern Indian. He said, respecting the pottery exhibited by Mr. McAdams, that he could duplicate every piece of that pottery from an Indian graveyard in his vicinity.

The classification of pottery as ancient or modern, according to the degree of finish and elegance, was a mistake. These differences merely indicated a difference of wealth in the owners. Judge Henderson had no faith in the traditions of living Indians. A white man, with access to the books giving accounts of the earliest explorations, was much better authority than any living Indian.

President Worthen asked whether the modern Indians had ever been known to build large mounds. Judge Henderson replied that he knew of only one instance on record of the building of large mounds by recent Indians, although smaller mounds were made by them.

Professor Thomas said that there was abundant evidence that modern Indians build mounds.

Mr. McAdams then read a paper on artesian wells. The sources of the water of artesian wells are often many miles distant. The conditions necessary to a successful artesian well were described. The speaker then proceeded to show, in detail, that the conditions were present over a large part of Central Illinois—a fact which the business men of this region should know. He described minutely an artesian basin occurring in Calhoun and Jersey counties, and showed how an acquaintance with the geology of a region would enable one to determine the depth at which water would be struck by such a well. It was only necessary to determine the depth beneath the surface of the St. Peter's sandstone, which is the great water-bearing formation of Illinois. This rock comes to the surface in several places in Illinois, and in others is probably buried thousands of feet. He closed by saying that, in his opinion, the question of an artesian well was simply a question of dollars and cents. Professor Worthen said that a flowing artesian well could only be had in situations where the top of the well was not more than 100 feet above the level of the water courses. In other situations the water would rise to that level and could only be got by pumping.

Professor Worthen also said that, as a general rule, this water from the St. Peter's was of a mineral character, and not suitable for general use.

Mr. McAdams gave instances where the water obtained from such sources was not so highly mineral as to be disagreeable or deleterious. It was also found that the mineral qualities of this water disappeared largely on exposure to the air in reservoirs.

Dr. Boardman cited the case of a spring at Ottawa, from the St. Peter's, where the water was of such a character that neither fish nor insects could live in it. Mr. McAdams then gave an instance of a pond fed from one of these wells, which was successfully used as a fish preserve.

President Worthen said that without experiment he could not say positively whether artesian water would lose its excessively mineral quality on exposure, but he was inclined to think that it would not.

Mr. Wier said that the water question was one of vast importance, and a very intricate one. In Peoria it was the question. He was disposed to believe that all mineral matter, except salt, would principally be precipitated or otherwise disappear after prolonged exposure to air and light in large reservoirs.

Mr. Conley said that sulphureted hydrogen would pass off spontaneously, but that the nitrates (saltpeter, etc.) would not spontaneously decompose or precipitate, but on the other hand, would become stronger with evaporation in reservoirs.

Mr. Wier, in answer to a question with respect to the contamination of the Illinois river by Chicago sewage, said that he had lived on the Illinois river all his life, and he remembered that the

water of the river thirty years ago became so offensive in cold winters, when shut in by ice for a long time, that it was impossible to drink it. He did not believe that the Chicago sewage had any important influence on the water as far down as Peoria.

Dr. Evans believed that the Pots dam was the source of the water of artesian wells rather than the St. Peter's.

At the afternoon session, at half-past two, the discussion of the artesian well system was resumed. Dr. Evans argued that the waters of Wisconsin, which afford water to the artesian wells of Northeastern Illinois, also passed over into Central Illinois, and supplied the artesian wells sunk there, illustrating his views by reference to the geological map of the state.

The next paper was one by F. S. Earle, of Cobden, on the cave dwellers of Southern Illinois. It consisted of a description of the objects found by digging in small caves and in places along the bluffs where the backward slope of the rocks made a shelter of greater or less extent. The pottery and implements were regarded as of Indian origin.

Mr. W. H. Garman, of the State Laboratory, at Normal, gave the results of his recent original work on the development of the gall mites (Phytopti) and the structure of the galls made by them on the leaves of trees. Every fact in this paper was new to science.

Professor C. Thomas, of Carbondale, then addressed the society on the subject of the Palenque tablets found in Central America.

Mr. Tyler McWhorter, of Alton, read a paper on the effects of use and disuse of organs and faculties.

Professor Burrill, of the Industrial University at Champaign, discussed the subject of Bacteria ferments. All the fermentations, except the alcoholic, are due to the presence of living organisms. The doctrine of spontaneous generation held by Dr. Bastian, was criticised as based upon a series of mistakes.

The yeast plant was first seen by Zeeuwenhoeck, in 1680, but he did not ascribe fermentation to it. The next observers who studied it were De la Tour and Schwann, in 1834. The slight progress in this matter was due to the lack of good microscopes. Liebig disagreed with these men, holding that fermentation was a chemical process, and his views spread over the world. Bacteria had been seen previously, but not until 1862 was it shown by Pasteur that they were the cause of fermentation. Canning of fruits was based on Pasteur's theory. The experiments of this author were explained by the aid of sketches. Blood and milk will not ferment if first heated and then completely sealed against germs from the air. In 1878 Professor Burrill began to investigate the changes which take place in milk. He satisfied himself that milk, first heated to destroy organisms, and then thoroughly sealed, would not sour.

In 1880 a dairyman reported that his milk became ropy, and Professor Burrill found in it certain minute organisms, which by numerous experiments he determined to be the cause of this ropiness. These organisms were found to be derived from the milking shed. A thorough disinfecting of the shed, followed by whitewashing, put an end to the trouble.

The professor then detailed the observations and experiments which he made in a study of the pear blight, which finally resulted in the discovery that this was due to a fermentation of the sap in the cells of the bark, caused also by bacteria. He said that the spread of the disease could be prevented by shaving off promptly the affected part.

Mr. D. B. Wier, of Lacon, contributed a paper on grape rot, describing its origin as a fungus (*Phoma uvicola*), and expressed the belief that the spores of this fungus could only germinate when moist, and therefore that its ravages could be completely prevented either by sheltering the vines, or by inclosing the fruit in paper bags. "Parasitic fungi are man's most expensive and insidious enemies. * * * Many of our most valuable crops are injured or annihilated by them, yet we have no state or national commissioner or expert cryptogamist to study them, and search for means by which we can ward them off."

The leading event of the meeting was the address by Judge Henderson, of Winchester, on "The Ancient Illinois," delivered in the supreme court room, on the evening of this day. Mr. Henderson has probably the best library in the West relating to the aborigines of the Mississippi valley, and has devoted himself for many years to a study of the original papers and reports of the earliest explorers of this region, collecting for the first time a mass of material of the highest interest and value. The detailed and careful information contained in these old records is surprising, and enabled the lecturer to present a most vivid and complete picture of the condition, character, customs and traditions of the ancient Illinois. A systematic account of the early explorations of this region by the Jesuits, by La Salle, Tonti and others was given, and every point respecting the aborigines was supported by numerous quotations from the original authorities. The author read but one-half the address, but this held the closest attention of his audience for two hours. The whole is to be published as a pamphlet. Judge Henderson expressed his intention to prepare for the next annual meeting of the society a similar paper on the sedentary Indians of the South, and a third for the following year on the mound builders. Mr. Henderson announced, as the outcome of his studies, a conviction that the grade of civilization and social development of the North American Indians had been generally underrated as much as that of the ancient Mexicans had been exaggerated. He believed that the mounds of the Mississippi valley were built by the ancestors of the sedentary Indians of the South.

The society assembled at 9:30 Thursday morning, 10th inst., President Worthen in the chair.

Mr. C. W. Butler, of the State Laboratory of Natural History, described at length, the method of preparing the skeletons of animals, illustrating his remarks by diagrams of the apparatus used.

Professor S. A. Forbes, director of the state laboratory, then read a paper on the "Illustrations and Applications of Evolution."

He said that the time for argument in scientific societies respecting the truth of the doctrine had passed, as scientific men were substantially agreed that it was either strictly true or a close approximation to the truth. He traced the rapid progress of the doctrine in this country, accounting for this by the fact that naturalists found its principles continually verified by new discoveries springing up all over the earth. This point was illustrated by some of his own observations on the development and anatomy of certain fishes, of which he had made a special study.

Passing to the application of the development theory, the speaker took up, as an instance of its practical uses, the subject of the restocking of our waters with their native species of fish. He criticised the idea put forward by prominent fish-culturists, that fishes could be artificially multiplied to such a degree that it would make no difference how or when or in what numbers, they were captured, showing that this idea involved a contradiction of the doctrine of natural selection. The conclusion was reached that the protection of fishes was fully as important as their artificial multiplication. He showed that the food supplies of fishes were diminished by the drainage of swamps, restriction of overflows by levees, and other operations attendant upon the settlement of a country; and that it was therefore not to be expected that the fishes of a body of water could be permanently kept up to as high a number as occurred there naturally in a state of primeval nature.

This paper was followed, after a brief discussion, by an essay entitled, "Some Thoughts on Botanical Study," by Mrs. Dr. Griffith, of Springfield. This paper, besides giving a careful, accurate, and scholarly review of the leading divisions of plant life, pointing out their essential characters, chief uses and beauties, added to the programme a welcome element of literary refinement and grace.

Mr. McAdams then exhibited a large number of charts and diagrams of various implements, and other objects, found by him during his long researches among the mounds of Illinois and Missouri, accompanying the display with a running commentary. An animated discussion followed respecting the uses and meaning of some of these objects. He also showed a part of a skull obtained from a mound which he considered as indicating an order of intelligence scarcely above that of the celebrated Neanderthal man of Europe.

Judge Henderson took exceptions to the speaker's low estimate of the intelligence indicated by the skull.

At the afternoon session, at 2 p. m., the only paper remaining on the programme was an account of "The English Sparrow in Germany with Notes on its Autumnal Food in Illinois," by Professor Forbes. The writer gave numerous translations from German naturalists to show that the weight of scientific evidence was against the utility of the sparrow in its native home, and closed with an account of its food in September, in Illinois, showing that at that season the bird does little good and little harm.

Numerous observations were contributed by other members of the society, the general conclusion being that a great blunder was made in the introduction of the bird into this country.

Resolutions of respect were passed to the memory of Mr. Gifford, of Peoria county, who had died since the last meeting.

Resolutions of thanks to Mr. Jones and Mr. Sulvely for the use of the supreme court room, were also passed.

The society then balloted on place of the Summer meeting for field work, and selected Union county, in Southern Illinois. Adjourned, sine die.

Quails in Ireland—Their Habits.

PATERSON, N. J.
EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your issue of January 29, I saw a letter from Clericus, in which the gentleman says he found a bevy of European quails in December last. Now I have hunted and killed a good many quails in Ireland, and I have yet to see a bevy of quails in Autumn. I have often found fifteen or twenty birds on five or six acres of wheat or oat stubble, and seldom found two of them together. He also says that in the afternoon they were calling in melodious tones, and the call differs very little from that of our own quails. Now, that is something I have never heard in Autumn, but late in Spring and all through Summer you can hear them call at all hours of the day, especially in hazy weather. The call is quite different from that of the American quails. There are counties in the North of Ireland where they are known by no other name than the "Wet-my-foot," just as the American bird is known as Bob White. I do not mean to say the quails the gentleman found were not European quails, but I do say if they were, I think they have changed their habits.

I do not want you to think, when I tell you that I hunted in Ireland, that I owned an estate there. No, I never owned a square foot. I was what they called a poacher, but as a poacher is one who steals game, and as no one owns the bird of the air, I always failed to see who I could be stealing them from. I hunted because I loved to hunt, and I love to hunt yet.

If you, or any of your many readers would like to know what kind of a note the European partridge has, I could tell them, as I never heard of any one who could make the instrument to imitate them, but myself.

RED IRISH.

The Messina Quails—Another Rival for Gladstone.

LEIGHTON, Pa.
EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I notice the communication from Clericus on the Messina quail question. I imported one hundred on the steamer Zeal, about a year ago, turned them out on a fine large farm in this locality, and not one of them have ever been seen in the neighborhood since. They may furnish sport for our great grandchildren, but even that is uncertain. I write you to ascertain why they should locate and be a success in the neighborhood of your Eastern correspondent, and not in this locality.

Will you be kind enough to advise through your widely circulated journal, as to the time and correct method of turning out our native quails. I trapped a couple of hundred (or had it done) and want to know if it is the correct thing to turn them out in pairs scattered far apart, or if in lots of say four or five pairs, a couple of miles apart. I let out a couple of hundred two years ago, scattered them well in pairs, and am free to say it was not a success.

I see a grand time is being made through your paper and others, over Gladstone and his field trial victory, but I have no doubt my four-year-old dog, Shot can and will find and point as many birds in a day as ever Gladstone did, and I make no fuss over it either, and he is nothing but a common, indifferently bred dog.

A. C. B.

MESSINA QUAILS.—Natick, Mass.—Editor Chicago Field:—Having noticed accounts in the CHICAGO FIELD of the migratory or Messina quails in different localities, and having an interest, in common with all sportsmen, in their habits, breeding and welfare, I will state that a bevy of about twenty bred in the north part of this town, on what is known as the "Lang Moore" farm; only two of them were shot; one, a female, by Mr. Warren Hersey, the other, a male, by Mr. John Common. They were both set up, were in full plumage, and very handsome. Their return in the Spring will be looked for with great interest.

J. D.

WHITE DEER.—In Venango county, Pa., a great many white deer are reported to have been seen during the present Winter.

A FACT.—Tuscola, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—Seeing quite a number of "hard" yarns published as facts, I will give one that is a fact for which I have a living witness. While out shooting young prairie chickens a few years ago, in company with a brother-in-law (Rev. Miles H. Wood) of Northwest Indiana, having just emptied my gun (a muzzle loader) I was in the act of loading, and stood facing Wood, when he sprang a young prairie chicken, at which he snapped, his gun not going off. At the report of the cap—the bird, which was about one-half grown—dropped as square down as if he had been shot dead, and to cap the climax, he ran and picked it up. The only theory in the matter that I could think of was, that the bird thought it was me and he might as well come down as the coon did with Davy Crockett. We have a crow roost about twenty miles east of here on the I. D. & S. R. R., where you can see tens of thousands any time during the Fall, Winter, and early Spring.

T.

THE CHICAGO FIELD \$4 a year; \$2 for six months; \$1 for three months. Three copies one year, \$9.

WANTS AND EXCHANGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

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Dr. N. Lowe, Editor CHICAGO FIELD. GWYNNE PRICE,
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BILLIARDS.—The cues in every billiard room, club
and private house should be furnished with the billiard room
noise submer, to prevent players from making noise by
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during the past six weeks. Invented and patented by
JOHN C. REAGAN, Continental Hotel, Phila., sole agent in
Pennsylvania for Colander's Standard American Billiard
Tables. Price of submer, \$1 per dozen. 14-23-14

BOARDING AND TRAINING STABLE.—Having
leased the commodious stable formerly owned by Ira
Holmes, I am prepared to take trotters and gentlemen's
roadsters, to board and condition for the winter. Gentle-
men desiring to winter their horses within the city limits
of Chicago, will be furnished with excellent ox stalls,
and large sheltered yards on the premises for running out
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This is the last brace of Mayhe's pups Mr. Nuttall will
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Nip, winner of first prize in Puppy Class; nephew of
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Jock Jr. is by Imp. Jock (by Wakefield's Jock) and out
of Tilly's Mab. Mab by Copeland's Imported Shot out of
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A limited number of bitches, Fee \$25. HIRAN J.
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Staunchness, Retrieving, Dropping to Wing, thoroughly taught. Address GEORGE P. LAW, Glencoe, (Cook Co.) Illinois. 15-2-July 1*

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Two dogs and one bitch, by Druid ex-Jolly May (Rob Roy-Pocahontas), whelped Dec. 13, 1880. Color, lemon and white and black, white and tan; strong and healthy, and very handsome. Price, \$25 each. H. G. McMILLAN, Washington, Iowa. 15-3-11

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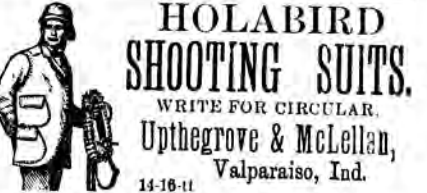
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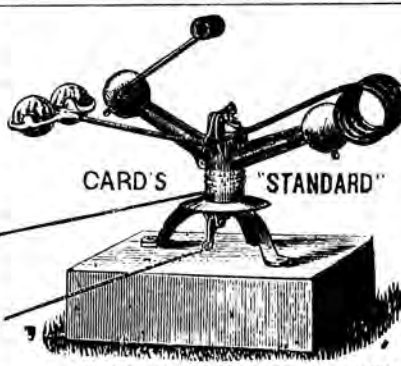
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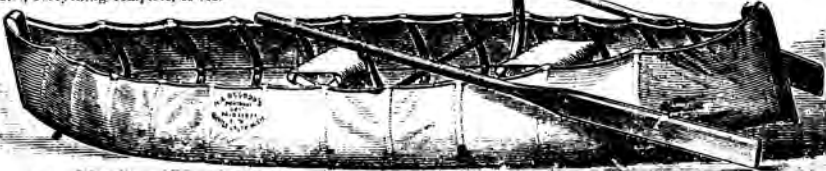
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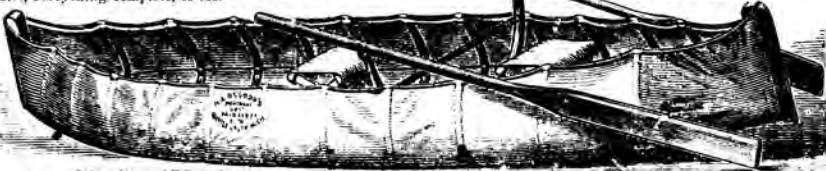
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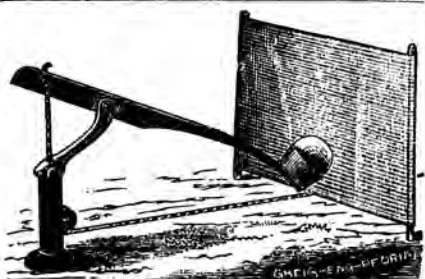
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